

The TATLER

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London, February 10, 1932

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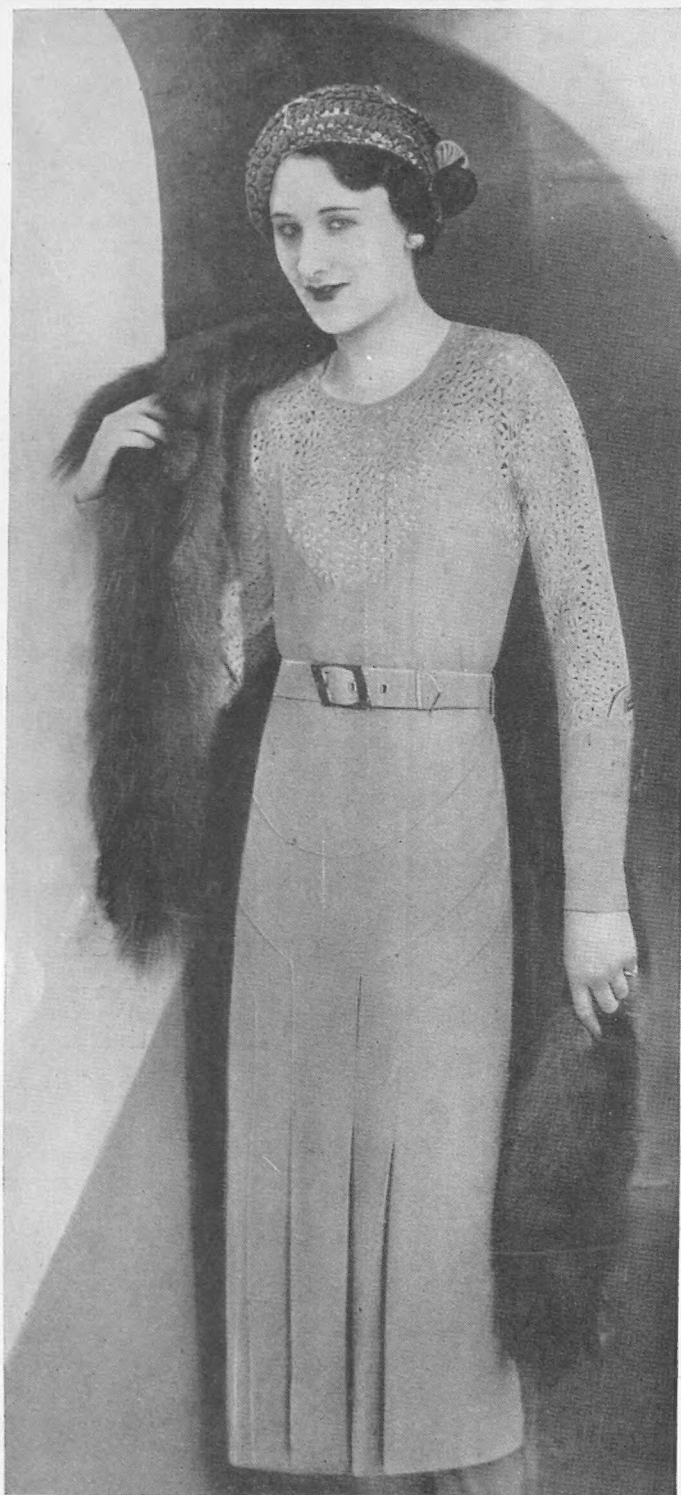
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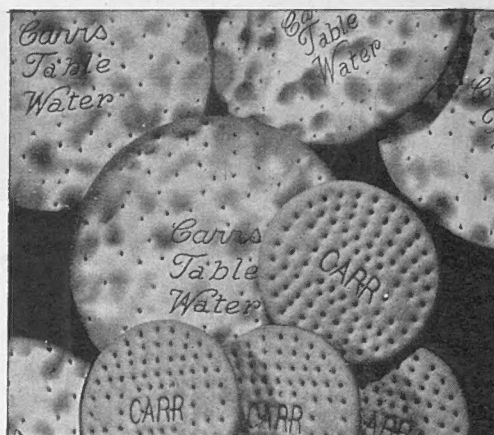


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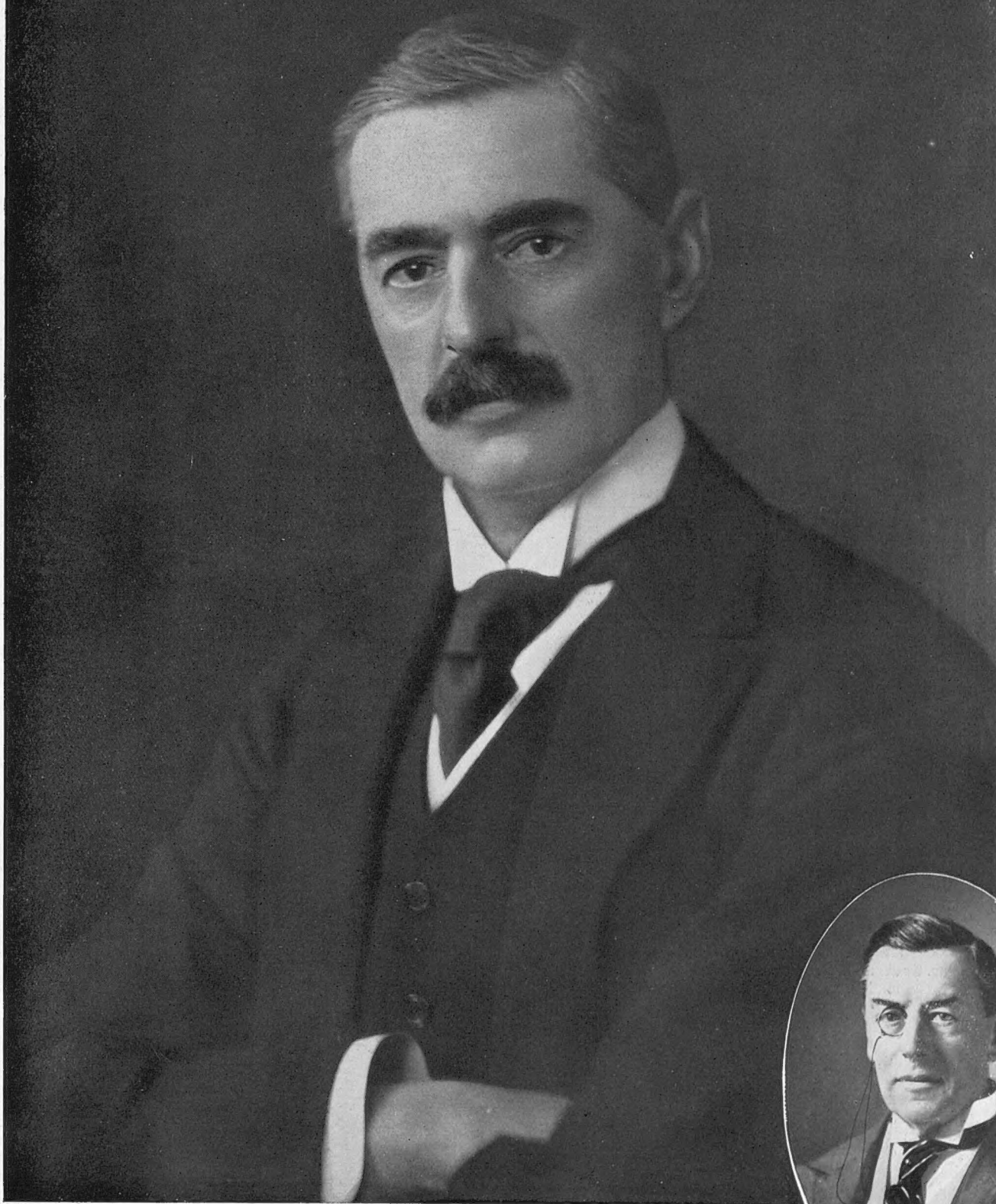
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The TATTLER

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1598

London, February 10, 1931

Price One Shilling



"THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS CONSTANCY TO PURPOSE."

—Disraeli

Inset is seen Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who laid the foundations of the Tariff policy which his son, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, announced in the House last week, and which brings hope and faith to our hampered industries and over-burdened taxpayers

Photographs by Lafayette and (inset) Elliott & Fry

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The Letters of Eve



AT LEICESTER 'CHASES: MRS. A. E. BURNABY, LADY KIMBERLEY, AND LADY LAMBART

Mrs. Burnaby is the wife of Major A. E. Burnaby, the Quorn's senior Master. The late Lord Kimberley died on January 7, and his son, who is known to his friends as Jack Wodehouse, succeeded. The new Lord Kimberley has made a good deal of polo history, International and otherwise, in his time, and is a member of the Hurlingham Committee. Lady Lambart is the widow of the late Sir Francis Lambart and the mother of the present baronet

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR, — Here is another Ash Wednesday upon us. And though it doesn't seem so long since the last one, we have lived through a decade of events and crises in the meantime. But we believe in keeping cheerful at all costs, so even if the arrival of Lent does mean a slight cutting down of our gaieties, we can hardly complain considering all we have had in these usually dull weeks.

For instance, the first night of "*Helen!*" which was well worth the sacrifice of the most alluring week-end house party. It was a triumph of talent and beauty, both on and off the stage, for Mr. Cochran is as great a genius in producing a house as he is in producing a show. And *Helen*, in all her loveliness, in the person of Miss Evelyn Laye, had some very dangerous rivals to compete with. So many, in fact, that my companion developed a crick in the neck. For Lady Diana Cooper's face, framed in ermine, might well have launched a thousand ships, and close by her was Lady Pamela Smith looking like an early Italian angel. And the grace of Lady Caroline Paget, in cloudy blue chiffon, the classic golden beauty of Mrs. Leo D'Erlanger, the clustered curls and alabaster face of Mrs. James Beck, and the profile of Lady Alexandra Metcalfe were enough to turn any head.



Peter North

MRS. ROBIN d'ERLANGER

A new portrait of a most engaging, intelligent, and entertaining personality who is eagerly invited to all London's smartest parties. Baron d'Erlanger's daughter-in-law has lately moved into a house in Brompton Square and has made it a quite charming habitation



ALSO AT LEICESTER: LADY LOCKE - ELLIOT AND LORD VALENTIA

Lady Locke - Elliot and Lord Valentia are old friends of Indian days and the times when Sir E. Locke-Elliot was soldiering, and was also a well-known owner and gentleman rider

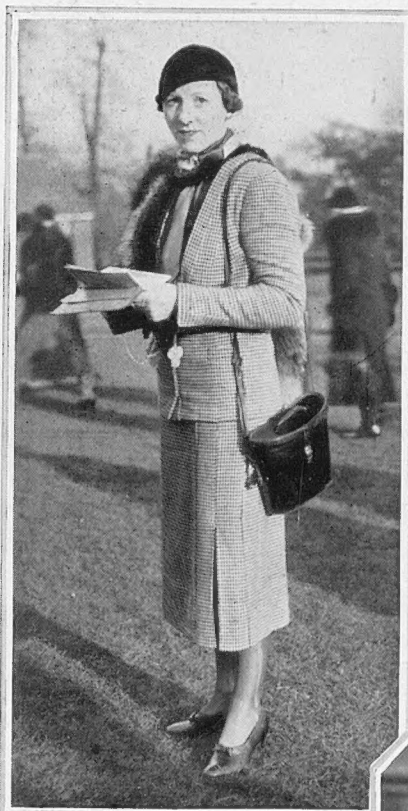
Amongst other celebrities I noticed those inveterate first-nighters, Lady Colefax and Lady Castlerosse, in the front row of the stalls. And scattered about behind them Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Alice and Lord Athlone, ex-King Manoel and his wife, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, our wittiest conductor, Mr. A. P. Herbert, who provided the libretto, and lovely Mrs. Armstrong-Jones, looking more radiant than ever; and no wonder, considering what a triumph this production has been for her brother, Oliver Messel. His *décor* and dresses defy description. I heard one lovely blonde trying hard to persuade him to design her such another white swan bed as *Helen's*. This and the bath of mother-of-pearl are more than enough to shatter the feelings of several people who pride themselves on their unique and exotic bed-room and bath-room effects.

There were a lot of good parties after the show, and I'm told that Lady Juliet Duff's was one of the best, the proof being that it went on until nearly five in the morning! Perhaps that was because Lady Oxford kept the conversation going by starting a discussion. She is always original, and her somewhat severe criticisms of "*Helen!*" which she had the temerity to voice to the great Reinhardt himself, were at least refreshing among the pæans of general praise. The Gilbert Miller's party included

Lady Morvyth Benson, the Euan Wallaces, Miss Kay Norton, and the Herbert Marshalls. And that popular American, Mr. Vreeland, and his very chic dark wife, who have a very attractive and original little house in Regent's Park. Mrs. Vreeland and her younger sister, who married Sir David Kinloch's only son, are as inseparable as Sir David's two daughters, Mrs. Richard Norton and Lady Brownlow.

* * *

I will not talk about the economy afternoon party at Londonderry House before the opening of Parliament, for you have already heard enough. But there have been dozens of small affairs, one of the best of which was Mrs. Dudley Ward's supper party, which spread itself all over London in a new version of the old treasure hunt. Instead of following up clues they had to accomplish very difficult jobs against time such as finding 1910 pennies and uncooked white-bait, and a station cloak-room ticket.



MRS. GEOFFREY BROWNHILL

Who looks and is the complete race-goer, her choice in clothes for spectator sports being most reliable. Her husband, Captain Brownhill, owns Drintyre, which he is to ride in the National

lock her doors and put out the lights and go to bed with the comfortable assurance that there is little chance of her being disturbed, and that her guests, on the other hand, may quite probably spend the rest of the night safely, if uncomfortably, at the police station!

* * *

But London hasn't had all the shows and all the parties, judging from the rhapsodies in a letter which has just come from Warwickshire, describing the recent performances of *Bluebeard*, by Mr. Peirse Duncombe and his Potty Players, at Stratford-on-Avon. And as I have myself seen this very gifted company of dramatists, whose annual week's season invariably fills the theatre to the brim, I can well

The first couple to bring home the complete set of trophies of the chase and so carry off the first prize were that versatile pair, Mr. Duff Cooper and Lady Diana. The Marchesa de Casa Maury, the Peter Thursby's, Sir Harry Birkin, and Mr. Eddie Grant were also in the field, and a good sprinkling of the younger generation. The party ended with a dance and a supper of bacon and eggs.

This strikes me as being a grand way for a hostess to skedaddle her guests. Pair them off in couples with orders to fetch, say, the small hand off the face of Big Ben before 2 a.m. She can then

believe that my friend is not exaggerating and that they really had a *succès fou*. This year's show was not only produced, but entirely written—book, lyrics, music, and all, by Mr. Peirse Duncombe. And this Noel Coward of the Midlands also played Sister Ann in a riot of tulle and silver spangles.

Miss Feo Beith was the heroine, and I gather that Bluebeard in the person of Mr. Freddie Grisewood was so devastatingly attractive that everybody envied her. Mrs. Peirse Duncombe was principal

boy, and others with important parts were the Spencer Flowers and Mr. Geoffrey Whyham, while the chorus, led by Miss Pat Norbury, made its own particular hit.

The wildly appreciative audience included Major Fielden, the Master of the North Cotswold, Sir Archie and Lady Flower, Miss Rosie Dormer, and Mrs. Heber-Percy, who showed her enthusiasm by seeing two performances. There were also two of that neighbourhood's brightest young things, Miss Mary Chance and Miss Philippa Burrell, the latter a real speed merchant with horses and cars. And a large contingent of Barkers from Barford. Poor Mr. Gordon Barker, a coming G.R., was still clinging to crutches, for he had a bad fall not long ago.

* * *

And Norfolk has just had an excitement of another kind in the shape of that very brilliant person, Prince George Chavchavadze, who gave a recital in Norwich a few nights ago and really played superbly—so well, in fact, that I am not surprised to hear that he sometimes practises ten or twelve hours a day and that he is building up such a big reputation at home and abroad. Norway is to be the next foreign visit, and he will play both in Oslo and in Bergen some time this month or early in March. He is looking forward to this very much, but I gather that he does not view the prospect of the double trip across the North Sea in February with quite so much enthusiasm.

Prince George is a person who has been endowed with a good deal more than his fair share of gifts and accomplishments. If he had not been a serious pianist of the

(Continued overleaf)

b 2



Arthur Owen

MR. E. A. D. ELDRIDGE, MR. KAY DON, AND MISS DIANA FISHWICK

At the cocktail party given by Mr. Basil Eyston at the Regency Club prior to his departure with Sir Malcolm Campbell to Daytona for record-breaking purposes. Mr. Eldridge is a former speed king, and the fame of Mr. Kay Don and Miss Fishwick is international



Bale

AT A FERNIE MEET

Mrs. Edmonstone, wife of the Joint Master, Captain Edmonstone, introducing her daughter, Mary, to one of the hunt terriers whose mechanized "mount" is a sign of the times

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

front rank, he could make a fortune, besides delighting his friends, by sitting down at the piano and singing Russian and French folk songs, for his repertoire seems to be unlimited.



MRS. PETER GOLD AND CAPTAIN THE HON. ARTHUR SOMERSET

Conversing in the Members' Enclosure at Kempton. Lord Raglan's uncle used to be in the Rifle Brigade. Mrs. Peter Gold is a very good golfer and was runner-up with Mrs. Bott in "Britannia and Eve's" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh last year

Maurice Boileau and his brother, Colonel Boileau, and Miss Cecilia Hore-Ruthven. So it can be assumed that Norfolk is capable of taking an interest in good music as well as agriculture and shooting. Talking of the latter, I expect that the present rigid economy campaign will seriously affect it next season, and I very much doubt whether pheasants will be reared, as they have been in the past, even at Windsor.

I was amazed to find so many people at Sandown when I went down one day last week. Gregalach and the glorious sunshine probably accounted for the crowd. There were dozens of pretty girls and women, all wrapped in fur coats, and of all of them I thought Mrs. Toby Barnes, whose lily fairness and slim, tall figure stand out in any company, was the best to look at. Mr. Tommy Graves' smile was another pleasing sight. He was full of the dinner, dance, and cabaret show which Nash's Club is arranging for members and their friends at the Carlton next Tuesday night. They have engaged the Embassy Band, and some special star turns

Again, he would have made a good actor if his performance in charades is anything to go by! Failing all these things, his charm and wit and enormous vitality alone would be enough to make most people pleased if they happened to possess them. They certainly make him the perfect guest.

I can speak from personal experience, for Mrs. Raymond Boileau had a big house-party for the recital at Ketteringham Park, which is a few miles out of Norwich, and I was one of the guests. It was an entertaining week-end, and our hostess gave a wonderful supper-party after the recital, which drew a very full house. Among the local celebrities I noticed Lady Betty Trafford, the Daniel Gurneys, Lady Norah Bentinck, Sir

whose names he would not divulge. Possibly Gwen Farrar or Rex Evans, who were both trying hard to find winners at Sandown.

Several interesting people have returned to these shores during the last few days—Lady George Cholmondeley, for one. She is home again after her theatrical venture in Canada. And Sir Peter Latham and his mother have just arrived from Ceylon. Sir Peter is not only a very eligible *parti*, but he is a very good-looking young man with a keen sense of humour and, like his sister, Lady Edward Hay, he has very good taste in interior decoration. I thought his house most attractive when I went to the cocktail-party he gave to celebrate his return. His guests included Lord and Lady Mount Temple, Captain and Mrs. Anthony Eden, and Baroness Cartier de Marchienne, the wife of the Belgian Ambassador. Another happy young man who has just returned to England is Mr. Simon Elwes. He and his pretty wife have been staying with our Ambassador in Brussels, where he found himself snowed under with commissions. He is going back in June to paint all the youth and beauty of Belgium.

St. Moritz still seems to be pretty full by all accounts, and Princess Faucigny-Lucinge and Princess Carla Boncampagni, who is another ravishing brunette, have so far achieved the *chic-est* ski suits. The Ali Mackintoshes and the Milbankes arrived a few days ago; and Lady Milbanke, whose beauty withstood even the trial of that all-night journey, was greeted by Lady Louis Mountbatten. She insisted, later in the day, on going to the races on the lake, whereupon *le beau monde* followed suit, though this form of sport is seldom patronized by the quality, pneumonia being a pretty sure result of standing on ice watching frozen horses running very slowly round and round.

As the Duchess of Westminster's party didn't happen until Thursday night, I've had to keep it until the very last of my letter. Prince George, who dined at Lady Wimborne's before the party, was looking particularly fit and well. He seemed to enjoy the marvellous dancing of the Gollywog Man from *Bow Bells*, who entertained us at midnight, more than anybody—in fact he was one of the last guests to leave the party. And what a good party it was; perfectly done, like everything else the Duchess undertakes. The lovely pickled panelling of the rooms at 15, Davis Street, made a most attractive and becoming back-ground, and it was a happy touch to have provided hundreds of scarlet candles to light the guests. The house is normally the Duke's estate office, and it was there that he gave Lady Mary Grosvenor's coming-out ball two years ago. The Duchess, whose new short hair-cut suits her very well, wore shell-pink satin; very simple, but beautifully cut. Lots of white satin dresses to be seen. Lady Dalkeith wore diamonds with hers, and looked radiant, while Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell and Mrs. Edward Compton proved how becoming it can be to brunettes as well as blondes.

Other wearers of white included Emerald, Lady Cunard, whose small party on the 24th for Miss Penelope Dudley Ward should do much to cheer up this rather dead season, Lady Rosemary Guest, and Lady Dorothy Ashley-Cooper, happily recovered from her recent operation, and in great form though she still looks rather pale. Most of the guests wore real flowers. Lady Ursula Filmer Sankey's gardenias clustered at the back of her head, while Miss Baby Jungman set a very pretty new fashion by wearing hers in a chain round her neck. Lady Plunkett in gold sequins, Lord Irwin's débutante daughter, Lady Furness (wearing the famous black pearls), Miss Diana Mainwaring, Mrs. Euan Wallace, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, and Mrs. Peter Thursby were all to be seen, and the men included Lord Birkenhead, the Hon. Ivor Guest, and Lord Ivor Churchill.—Yours ever, EVE.



THE HON. HENRY AND MRS. COVENTRY AND MR. OLDHAM

Also at the Kempton Park meeting. Mr. Coventry, a son of the late Lord Coventry, married Miss Edith Kip, daughter of the late Colonel Lawrence Kip of New York. They live at Stoke-by-Nayland in Suffolk



WELL CAUGHT AT 2 A.M. IN "WHILE PARENTS SLEEP"

Stage Photo Co.

One of the thrilling moments in the new play at the Royalty, which has no exactly dull moments, and the people in this scene, left to right, are: Miss Diana Beaumont as "Bubbles" Thompson, a vulgar little wench from Brixton; Mr. Jack Hawkins, whom she has annexed as her walk-out, and who is one of the sons of Colonel Hammond; Mr. Hugh Williams as Neville Hammond, who has been appointed an A.D.C. to the husband of Lady Cattering (Miss Frances Doble), who is seen giving him a lesson in how A.D.C.'s can keep the wives of Excellencies from being bored. The A.D.C. is—like all good A.D.C.'s should be—very quick in the up-take. It is an amusing little play all through.



Swabe



Swabe

SUPPING "SOMEWHERE" IN LONDON TOWN

MISS ROSE BINGHAM AND MR. M. H. CRICHTON

MR. JOHN FINDLAY AND MISS AVERIL STREATFEILD

No fashionable rendez-vous is complete these days without Lady Rosabelle Brand's daughter, Miss Rose Bingham, whose conversation is as easy to listen to as her face is to look at. Her companion in this photograph, Mr. Michael Crichton, is the only son of the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Crichton, and a cousin of Lord Erne. Miss Averil Streatfeild, Sir Henry Streatfeild's engaging grand-daughter, comes of age this year.

The Cinema :

A Good Programme at the Regal
By JAMES AGATE

WHEN I went into the Regal the other evening what was obviously a superb film had been in progress, as I judge, for some three-quarters of an hour. It was raining much harder than Joseph Conrad, the author of *Typhoon*, knew anything at all about, and on the turgid bosom of some swollen river—Mississippi, Hudson, *que sais-je?*—bobbed up and down a barque the size of a large hen-coop. In this barque and rowing against storm and tide were a maid and a man, each the epitome of what the other finds delectable in the way of sex. Her tiny hand was frozen to the oar, and where his blistered paw was it was raining too hard to see. Presumably round the girl's waist, since this is a manoeuvre always recommended when your barque or cockle-shell is drifting in the direction of Niagara Falls. But Old Man River was not to have it all his own way, for with blare of fog-horn and toot of siren there now appeared in pursuit a large steam-boat whose mission in life was to cruise these waters in preparation for the ends of films. A brand-new rope was thrown from the front part of the big boat to the hind part of the little one and made fast without any kind of fuss by the golden-haired little lady who obviously wanted to get off the "lot" and go home to tea. They had missed Niagara by about five yards, which was the occasion for exchange from one boat to the other of congratulations and pleasantries perfectly heard through the hurricane. Now this is what I call a good film. It is incredible, but it is also exciting. It leaves the mind wholly untroubled, but it increases the heart-action of couples sitting with interlaced fingers. One doesn't believe that such a storm can ever exist, but one also realizes the comfort of sitting in a perfectly dry picture-palace with no nonsense about the elements. I afterwards discovered that this film was called *Heaven on Earth*, and that the principal players in it were Mr. Lew Ayres and Miss Anita Louise.

After this we were treated to Emanuel Starkey and his Twelve Regal Virtuosi, who for twenty minutes or so performed with virtuosity—given their title they could hardly have done less—several pieces wholly devoid of any kind of musical interest, culminating in a selection from *Chu Chin Chow*. Sometimes Mr. Starkey stood in front of his men and sometimes obliquely, when only those who squinted could possibly have seen him. But this conductor's stance was really of no moment, since his orchestra never seemed to pay him the slightest attention anyhow. Oh miserable Starkey to be so ignored! Oh happy Starkey to have achieved such results at rehearsals! It is my firm belief—and always has been—that this is exactly the way in which our posh orchestras carry on. Give me the London Symphony Orchestra tackling the slow movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony behind a large screen and I will defy any musical critic, from Mr. Ernest Newman downwards, to tell whether the conductor is Sir Thomas Beecham, Herr Furtwängler, Signor Toscanini, Mynheer Mengelberg, M. Ansermet, Mr. Jack Payne, or whoever it is that renders Hastings tolerable in the winter. A smith does not shoe a horse differently because of a change in the ownership of the smithy, and I defy the L.S.O. to make any change in that which they could perform in

their sleep, and do, since the wives of several members have informed me that this is the tune to which their husbands snore. But all this, I suppose, is strictly by the way.

The *pièce de résistance* of the evening was *Strictly Dishonourable*, the film made from the admirable comedy of the same name by Mr. Preston Sturges. This film, as playgoers will remember, is all about a romantic young lady from the Southern States (Miss Sidney Fox), who is driven by the crass stupidity and worse manners of her fiancé into the arms of an Italian opera singer who is also a Count (Mr. Paul Lukas), and whom she encounters in a speak-easy. But the opera singer, after mounting to the bed-room with Tarquin's ravishing strides, has a moment of unaccustomed decency, and bids the girl sleep by herself. Throwing her a Teddy Bear for company he strides from the room and orders her to lock herself in. Let me resist the notion that the girl's natural annoyance at being frustrated bankrupts morality, for her annoyance is at least natural, since to make up one's mind to take the plunge and discover there is nothing to plunge into can never be less than irritating. In short, I find *Strictly Dishonourable* to be natural and credible, frank instead of queasy, at once to abound in fun and be free from grossness, and—if this matters to anybody—to be not only good film, but a work of art. Its sole demerit is the sentimental ending, whereby the *roué* outrages probability by an absurd marriage.

Here we had the astonishing experience of listening to a film-actor talk sense and nothing but sense for five consecutive minutes. The opera-singer declares that he has always turned his mind away from marriage. Why? He tells us that it is because the opera singer's life is one of constant travel—a fortnight at the Scala, followed by a month at Barcelona, then a trip to Paris, a couple of recitals at the Albert Hall, London, followed by a season in South America. These removals are a

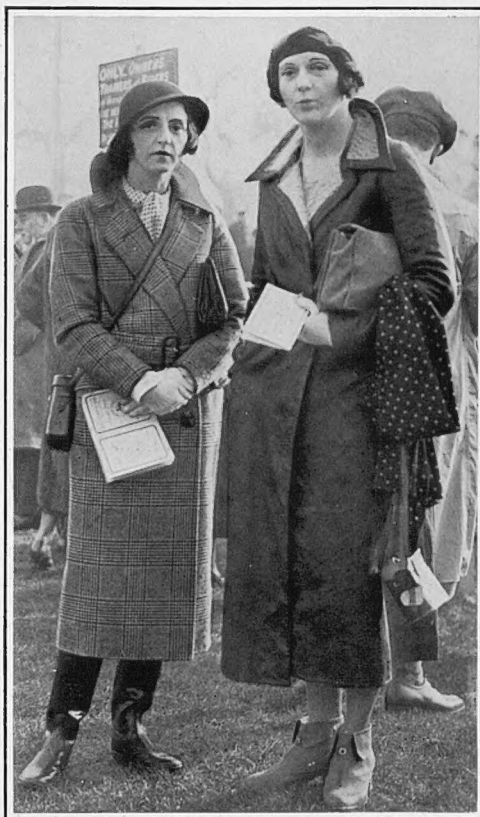
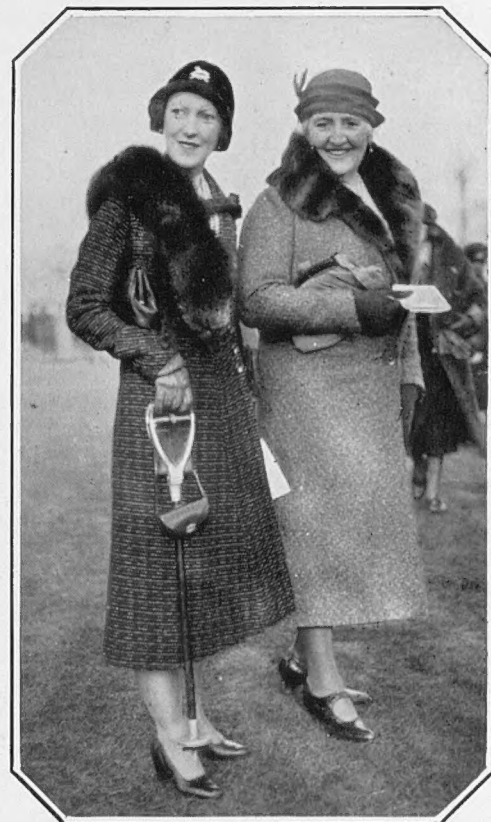
bearable nuisance to him, but he has long decided that they would be unbearable if it meant carting about a wife and children, nurses, perambulators, golliwogs. In the end Gus, the opera singer, succumbs to Isabelle, the chit, not because he would, but because consummation between Mr. Lukas and Miss Fox is expected in the back seats. It may be said that this play is unedifying. What if it is? Is Halévy to be deemed no artist because *Madame et Monsieur Cardinal*, whose tone this film reproduces so perfectly, is not a French reader for English high-schools? Drollness and not morality is the test here, and I suggest that the test for Mr. Sturges' screen-play is not whether it is suitable for tiny tots, but whether grown-ups who know their world will find it amusing. Personally, I deemed it very funny, and everything a naughty film may legitimately be. It contains some admirable character-drawing. Nothing could be better than the egregious fiancé, excellently acted by Mr. George Meeker, whose foreshadowings of what he would be as a husband drive Isabelle into the arms, or at least the apartment of Gus the singer, who is played with any amount of elegance by Mr. Lukas. Of Miss Fox as an actress it is too early to speak as she is very young, and this is the first part in which I have seen her.



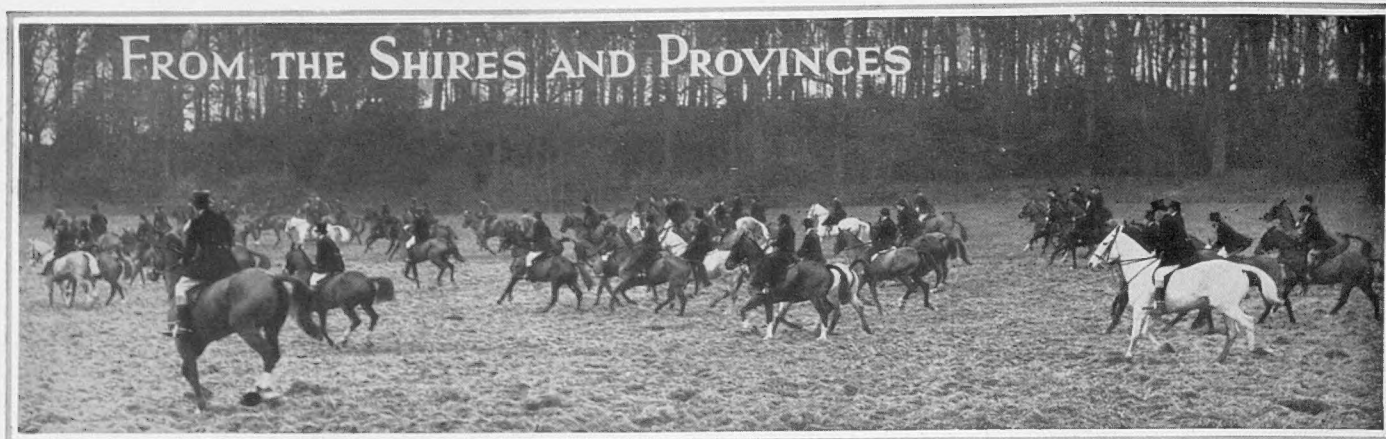
IN THE "AREN'T WE ALL" FILM: MISS RENÉ GADD AND MR. OWEN NARES

The film version of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's famous play is being made by Paramount at the Elstree Studios with, as will be seen, big guns leading the attack. "Aren't We All" ran for one hundred and ten performances at the Globe in 1923

THE 'CHASING AT SANDOWN LAST WEEK

PRINCE NICOLAS GALITZINE AND
MRS. JACK DAUBENYMRS. DOMVILE AND MRS. LLOYD
THOMASMRS. MAC CLIFFE AND
MRS. JOHNSTONEMAJOR SIR DOUGLAS HALL AND
MRS. IAN MACPHERSONCAPTAIN AND
MRS. DOUGLAS
FAULKNERMRS. DONALD CAMERON AND
MRS. ALEX WILSON

All these snaps were collected in the members' enclosure at Sandown the day people saw Mrs. Gemmell's gallant horse, Gregalach, try to give two stone all but a pound away to Cathalan in the Mole Handicap 'Chase. Weight told its almost inevitable tale; also Gregalach broke a blood-vessel. This horse won the 1929 National, and runs again this year. He was second last year. Mrs. Jack Daubeny, who was recently married, was Miss Pauline Turnor and is Prince Nicolas Galitzine's step-daughter. She is wearing the last gasp in new hats, which tilt savagely over one ear. Mrs. Domville and Mrs. Lloyd Thomas are sisters, and Mrs. Johnstone, who is in the next picture, is the wife of the Chairman of Sandown Park. Sir Douglas Hall, who is "Bert" to some people, is in the Coldstream. He had a very narrow squeak for it in the recent St. Austell hotel fire, and escaped with difficulty with a wet towel wound round his head. Captain Douglas Faulkner is in the Irish Guards. Mrs. Faulkner is always very well turned out, and on this occasion was wearing a warm brown shade of cap and skirt with a reddish fur jacket. Mrs. Donald Cameron was Miss Enid Levita. Her wedding in 1930 was a particularly pretty one



A WHADDON FIELD ON THE RIDE!

This excellent picture was captured on a day the Whaddon had met at Mentmore, the Master's (Lord Rosebery's) seat. The assertion that the Whaddon are "on the ride" is merely a euphuism, because they have got to be if they want to see anything, and usually they are. It is one of the stiffest countries in all England to ride across

A Leicestershire Letter

A bitter, cold, raw day at Garthorpe with the Belvoir, and ascent not quite up to the level of the past fortnight. Many strangers out, including a charming lady in a green collar who expressed herself delighted with the perfection of the going. It is thought that heretofore she must have been hunting in the Thames estuary at low tide. Funny that one lady should take such trouble about the brushing of her silk hat while her husband apparently has his brushed just as carefully in the other direction. A very hard and busy day for hunt servants, more especially as in the afternoon hunt from Newman's to Goadby hounds divided.

The Thimble Hall day of the Quorn was completely scentless, and from John o' Gaunt Covert hounds could hardly own the line. The ensuing efforts all in view of the road will, it is feared, still further popularize the round trips, champagne lunch included, of the blue charabanc which is one of the latest iniquities with which we have to put up. The Prince of Wales Covert broke all records by being blank, and from Barkby Holt the field was in such a state of anxiety that they rode hounds clean off the line in a very short time. General le Marchant always has a fox for us in Kaye Wood, and the customer on Saturday having made a small ring round the General's house, went straight away for Harby Covert with hounds running harder than they have run all the season. Just short of this covert he turned back, and with the pace slackening near Hose Thorns he was hunted into the Harby Hills. Breathless as was the gallop, the lady from the provinces still contrived to maintain an unceasing stream of comment, warning, encouragement, and advice. The afternoon hunt from Sherbrooke's started like a real dart, but unfortunately the good line taken up to Little Belvoir had to be ridden at a slow pace from the first check. The going in the vale is pretty deep, and in consequence a smell of iodoform and arnica hung in a haze over Melton on Sunday, where every yard had its quota of cripples.

The fog on Monday morning made hunting look out of the question, but it lifted by the time the elusive Hoby outliers had been drawn for. A short hunt from Charlton Gorse was followed by a first-rate gallop from Ragdaile Wood to Prestwold Park, which was missed by a good many who were changing horses or slow off the mark.

With the advent of the flat-racing season, Victor of Braunston has sold his horses, and we regret to say is leaving us, while Harry is off in a few days. It is sad to see these signs of the approaching end of the season.

From the Beaufort

Here we are the first week in February, and a fact which must constitute a record in more ways than one is that we have been stopped only two days to date and an odd 150 brace of foxes accounted for, to say nothing of the good weather and sport! From Compton Bassett on Monday the old dawgs gave us quite a useful day's sport; certainly the ex-naval officer had his share of the fun!

Tuesday from Avering was a day of slaughter, with only moderate sport, three brace being accounted for, but the day was redeemed by a fast twenty minutes in the evening from Tump Cover to Charlton Down.

On Wednesday a large field met the mixed pack at Dunkirk and the foxes in the Badminton area were given plenty of exercise.

Friday from Burton was very moderate. We did nothing but run in small circles and usually to ground. We only hope some of them paid the penalty. Everyone was glad to see Mrs. Pitman out again, also the Squire of Draycot—who seems to have quite recovered from his fall.

From the Sevington fixture on Saturday we were kept on the move, but not until the evening did we have much fun, and only an odd dozen were there to see hounds run really well from Luckington via Lady's Wood to kill at Pinkney. Rumour has it we are in for a gay time: two charity balls—but nothing definitely settled yet!

From the Fernie

There was a good muster at Walton village on Monday. The prevailing sunshine made it a joy to be out. A gay and cheery field jogged on to Gilmorton Covert, whence a fox

was soon away giving fifteen minutes short and sharp to kill on the outskirts of Gilmorton village. Good luck to the patriarchal farmer who encouraged the laggards to jump his fences. Lord and Lady Nunburnholme had come over from Arthingworth, and Mrs. Tony Bellville has returned again to the field. The bride, amongst others, had hit the deck, but everyone enjoyed the sport, which ended with a nice run from John Ball in the late afternoon to Bosworth. Climatic conditions were reversed at Little Stretton on Thursday. The shivering field paced round Mr. Dee's paddock to keep warm, the horses with staring coats and riders with cold extremities. It was a relief when hounds burst away from Norton Gorse and gave us a clinking gallop round the Frisby-Ashlands valley to finish with a kill at the Burton Brook. The pace was good and gave all a good pipe opener. From Forsells spinney, which was surrounded



A HEYTHROP SNAPSHOT: MR. G. T. HUTCHINSON AND MRS. DILLON

It is stated that approval of the Hon. Sec.'s labours is intended to be expressed by this picture, and this is probably so, as Mr. Hutchinson works like two men. They have a grand pack of hounds and two most popular Masters



AT LEICESTER 'CHASES: Mr. Allison (U.S.A.), Mr. Ivor Balding, and Mr. Gerald Balding

AROUND AND ABOUT



THE GRAFTON HUNT ANNUAL MEETING: Left to right—Mr. A. E. S. Guinness, Lord Hillingdon, M.F.H., Captain T. G. Du Buisson, Sir Hereward Wake, Captain P. Atkinson, and Lieut.-Colonel F. Douglas-Pennant



AT THE CIRENCESTER HOSPITAL BALL: Included in the group are—Mr. Keatings, Miss Pamela Dugdale, Major Bell, Mrs. M. J. Kingscote, Miss Del Ismay, Mr. Eric Dugdale, Miss M. Hanbury, Miss J. Hankey, Mr. Badcock, Mrs. Dugdale, and Major J. Gordon Dugdale



ALSO AT THE CIRENCESTER BALL: Major C. C. Gouldsmith, Miss Mann, Mr. Cleeve, Miss Penniman, Mr. Wilson, Miss Olivia Stanley, Mr. D. Page, Miss Joan Byng, Captain Myles Thompson, Mr. Jack Page

Leicester 'chases were run in spring-like weather, and everyone enjoyed themselves including the three people above. Mr. Gerald Balding is the English polo International, but the whole family take to it like ducks to water. Lord Hillingdon was as glad to get back to the Grafton as the country was to have him. He resigned in 1928, and came back at the beginning of this season. Like everyone else the hunt is economizing in various directions, but also, like everyone else, is keeping the flag flying and utterly declining to knuckle under to the bad times. The Cirencester Hospital Ball drew big contingents from both the V.W.H., as will be noticed. The Engelberg group of International skating cracks speaks for itself



INTERNATIONAL SKATERS AT ENGELBERG: The names, left to right, are—Herr Keller (Switzerland), Mlle. Lang (Switzerland), Dr. Dristler (Austria-Vienna), Mlle. Papez (Austria-Vienna), Herr Erdős (Austria Vienna), Mlle. Landbeck (Austria-Vienna), Dr. Dannenberg (Berlin), M. Vadas (Budapest), Frl. Dietze (Berlin), Herr Edhofer (Vienna), Frau Schmidt (Berlin), Herr Wellmann (Berlin)

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Marriages Made on Earth.

THE man who generalizes from his own inexperience will be of the same opinion still no matter how many exceptions stare him in the face. Especially any question which has to do with the association of the sexes is the first fruit of every sweeping statement. All men are this, all women the other. How often have we listened to wit at the expense of either or both? It is the same with marriage. The happily married want to marry everybody off; the unhappily married are convinced that marriage as an institution is the world's worst failure. Neither the one nor the other makes, of course, the least difference. Men and women still keep falling in love, still insist upon getting married. Their pæans of praise or, peradventure, their screaming woes ascend daily unto Heaven, and, although it is considered a sign of religious conviction to consider that Heaven made the match, Heaven seems to bungle the business pretty frequently. I suppose the real fault lies in mistaking a convenience for a sanctity. Most couples really mean "I'll risk it!" when they actually say "I will." Men and women can make it sacred, of course, but the trouble is they presume its sanctity at the start. It is usually nothing of the sort; simply a mating "urge." The happiest marriages of all are ultimately based upon mutual trust, mutual knowledge, mutual friendship, self-sacrifice, and affection; the whole so many fruits of a very long experience which cannot be gathered until the mating "urge" is well-nigh quiescent and forgotten. It is not how you go to bed, but what your mood is when you get up which counts. The truth is that some people ought not to be married at all. To be successfully married is as much a natural gift, plus hard labour, as to be a musician or an inventor. To mate is only the universal instinct. We share it with the animals, who don't, however, make a sanctimonious song about it; consequently, when people regard a really happily married couple, whose marriage and whose happiness have stood the test of time, they consider that it must be entirely due to luck. Their own has provided a hopeless mess; but then, so they console themselves, the virtues have all been on their side. The mating instinct was there right enough in the first place, but alas! there was nothing else to follow it up, and after all, and when all is said and done, the least important part of a successful marriage is the marriage bed. It all springs, I suppose, from the absurdly spiritual importance the puritanical and religious world has given to the purely bodily instinct of sex. And so it is from this purely sexual stand-point so many married couples fly off at an infuriated tangent. In Jacob Wassermann's novel, "Wedlock" (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), none of the characters is even indifferently married. From having struck unlucky they develop into pathological cases. They are all hysterically sorry for themselves. Melodrama stalks in their wake like an over-faithful hound. Without the least invitation they will relate the whole story of their miserable mating with a morbid interest in their own history which, although exciting in a book and as a clever writer analyses their case, would likely prove extremely boring in real life. The chief character, however, is a famous divorce lawyer, so I suppose he met only the marriage scum which came to the top. His own life story was the most thrilling all the same. After being happily married and with children to whom he was devoted, he fell into the toils of one of those irresistible

"vamps" for whom men shoot themselves; though what the lady's appeal is, apart from a specially fiery battle-ground of sex, it is hard to discover. He met her first of all as an accuser, a lawyer who would seek from her the true secret of the death of a youth, the son of his best friend. He remained to become her prey, his home life ruined, his career brought to an end. The woman was an actress, beautiful, clever in a kind of way, but heartless, cruel, the centre of a gambling and "boozing" fraternity; immoral without being amusing.



MRS. ARCHIE CRABBE AND HER SON, JOCK

Mrs. Archie Crabbe is a grand-daughter of the Hon. Mr. Narcisse Perodeau, a former Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec. Mr. Archie Crabbe is a subaltern in the First Battalion Scots Guards



WITH THE WESTMEATH: LADY EILEEN FORBES AND CAPTAIN ARTHUR BOYD-ROCHFORD, V.C.

On the day these hounds met at Mearscourt, near Mullingar. Lady Eileen Forbes' marriage to the Earl of Dumfries has been postponed from February 8, and will probably take place at Newtown Forbes in Ireland, after Easter. Captain Boyd-Rochfort, late Scots Guards, of Middleton Park, Co. Westmeath, had the unusual experience of being rejected as medically unfit for the Army, and then six months later winning the Victoria Cross

Personally she left me stone cold. However, there is no accounting for a man's taste. Look at the nice women who get "left," the silly noodles who get married! Except for too many and too lengthy recitations of their woes by most of the characters, "Wedlock" is certainly a gripping story. It is rather like a passionate, hectic film as it might be produced by a clever man inspired by the melodramatics of sex. Everybody lives in a perpetual fever-heat about something or another all the time. And this, although it makes for a rather unreal atmosphere, also makes a novel unusually readable. The metaphorical primary colours are splashed all over it. So it is not so much a picture of life as a poster. But it arrests your interest all the time.

* * *

More of an Actual Picture.

MARRIAGE is not any more fortunate in Mr. Godfrey Winn's new novel, "The Unequal Conflict" (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.). Some people may say that the reason why Judith and Charles were so unhappy as man and wife was that no marriage could be a success which was founded on a girl mistaking a kiss in the moonlight for a definite proposal and a young, brainless man who had not got the courage to disillusion her, once his own friends took her word for it. As a matter of fact, Judith was rather a dear. Nobody could have been happy with Charles—whose brain didn't work apart from a meet of the local hunt and any passable young woman who crossed his path, be she merely the housemaid. The wonder is Judith stood him so long. In fact she was a woman of forty before she broke away and, using her singing

(Continued on p. 222)

OVER THE ODDS!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



They calls 'em rags, but them there young undergratitudes stops at nothing, sir!"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

voice, became a member of a touring opera company. Yet, curiously enough, the novel is very entertaining. One does not, perhaps, weep with those who weep, but it is very amusing to watch those who not only cry but those who can't and *won't*, make-up being the modern necessity it is. It is quite a good story and very well told. Mr. Winn has that very rare gift—he can make his characters speak as if they were really talking and not, as is so often the case, repeating dialogue that has previously been written down for them with a sense of literary style. The consequence is that his novel is remarkably easy to read, and his men and women are so life-like that never at any moment have you the feeling, common to most novels, that they don't exist. In "The Unequal Conflict" they *do*, and it is very entertaining to meet them.

A Story with a Good Plot.

If only because "The Mushroom Field" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), by Mabel L. Tyrrell, has a good plot I will recommend you to read it. I expect you are as weary as I am of the perpetual story of the married man's liaison with one of those bachelor girls in either art, literature, or the office, and the discontented wife's affair with the man she did not marry but feels that he alone understands her divine discontent; the whole embellished by the usual middle-aged matron whose vagaries are supposed to bring "light" relief—though usually the last page of the book fulfils that purpose far better as a rule. Nowadays the modern novelist's sole idea otherwise as to what constitutes "suspense" is immediately to kill someone off, hoping we shall wonder for over 300 pages who ever did it! So I touch my hat at least to Miss Tyrrell who, anyway, has given us a story which is worth reading for its plot alone. For three-quarters of the way through her novel one can only guess at what is worrying all the characters and what are their real relations to one another. Was,

for example, Richard Durham a good man or a ruffian? Did Helen Medlycott love him, and did her daughter, Christina, rival her in this respect? Why was old Mrs. Oates so queer, and who was the real mother of Julian Oates, the illegitimate son of Helen Medlycott's first husband? It is all very "intriguing." It might have been even more so had not Miss Tyrrell's male characters been all such purely womanly creations. Richard Durham and Julian Oates, to say nothing of Professor Medlycott, were each a motherly female's idea of what men are. They all reacted as women to tragedy, pathos, tenderness, and playfulness; plus those characteristic vagaries which make so many motherly women sum men up as "children" after all. The feminine characters, on the other hand, are far better drawn. In any case it does not very much matter; one enjoys the novel because it tells a curious and unusual story and keeps us guessing the outcome of it until almost the very end without having to murder somebody in the process.

Save the Ruination of the Countryside.

Have you ever walked over the Downs from Brighton to Rottingdean? I walked along that road only the other day. Six or seven years ago it was a wide, lonely expanse of, by comparison with the rest of Brighton, sheer beauty. To-day it is enough to make an angel weep. Or Satan? Words of mine cannot express the untidy, hideous desecration of it all! Bungalows of all shapes and sizes, higgledy-piggledy, each one a greater crime against beauty and appropriateness than the other. The whole downside spoiled and ruined; another part of England's natural loveliness gone for evermore. And if this were all, one need moan only just a very little. But the same crime is being committed all over England, the most charming places being usually the first to be thus murdered. Can nothing be done about it? They are still talking in Parliament about putting a stop to it all. But, like all urgent reforms, Parliament will still be talking until any drastic action can be of no further use. It is not a vote-catching measure, you see. Nevertheless, it is pitiful to see the utter spoliation of England's unique beauty

for the sake of the so-called liberty of the subject to do what he will with his own, except that least important thing which is his own life. And after I had returned from this walk and felt glad that I had lived in a world which had known beauty, even, perhaps, without understanding it, I was sent through the post a copy of Mr. P. Graham's booklet, "The Adventure of Building" (Architectural Press. 6d.), with its illustrations of what can be done in the way of building beautifully and without extravagance, country houses and cottages, avoiding making each an eyesore of the worst description. And with this interesting and most useful little booklet, a plea that I would help in the urgent cause which would prohibit the erection of any kind of building "monstrosity in places whose natural beauty is for the enjoyment of all men, and a pilgrimage for those who now live and for those who will come after; and this I herewith gladly do and with all my heart. Why cannot, for example, huge districts be portioned



IF EVERYBODY SPOKE THE TRUTH
The Bridegroom: No! I'm damned if I will—!!

off up and down the country, and in these districts no building to be erected which has not passed a committee of artists as well as architects? Only by some such means can the beauty of the English countryside be saved from the speculative builder and the urban dweller with rural ambitions. It is a crying scandal that men may be allowed to ruin the pleasure of other people because they themselves have neither a love of beauty nor a desire to realize it in what they achieve. "The Adventure of Building" does, at any rate, show how utility and beauty can go hand in hand without ruining either the countryside or the builder. For this, of course, an architect is essential. But the writer (who has built his own house, by the way) shows that an architect can more than save his costs for the man who would erect his own house. In every department of house building he is necessary if style and value-for-money-spent be important, as indeed they are. Not the least interesting chapter deals with the methods of raising money so that a house can be built with comparative low initial outlay.



THE HON. MRS. CECIL WELD-FORESTER



VISCOUNT FOLKESTONE



THE COUNTESS OF RADNOR

PERSONALITY IN PORTRAITURE

When the camera is faced by such pleasant people as those portrayed on this page satisfactory results from its activities are assured. Major the Hon. Cecil Weld-Forester's wife was Miss Priscilla Perrott before her marriage last June, and is the elder of Lady Perrott's pretty daughters. Her husband, the only son of Lord and Lady Forester, is in the Blues. Charming Lady Radnor, one of Wiltshire's most popular personalities, was formerly Miss Helena Adeane, and is a kinswoman of Lord Leconfield. She and her husband live at Longford Castle, near Salisbury, and have a family of four. Lord Folkestone, their elder son, was born in 1927

Photographs by Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street.

From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 218)

by a too pressing field, calling forth the Master's ire, another fox managed to break through the cordon, taking us up to Houghton and thence a wide ring to Frisby and Gaulby back to the covert. Several bore marks of earth contact, the take-offs being still a bit holding. Bad luck befel Colonel Campbell Johnston, who broke an arm. A good day finished in the Thurnby district, hounds at one time looking as if a Quorn point might be reached, but were stopped on a failing scent and at a late hour.

From the Heythrop

Winter draws on, and if this warm weather which we had on Monday at Chipping Norton continues, we shall have to consider a change to our summer dittoes. The Over Norton preserves were tried first but found wanting, but perhaps this was not altogether surprising, as there is practically a private pack kennelled near-by at Over Norton House. The morning's proceedings were very uninteresting, but the day was redeemed by a good hunt from Hutchinson's Folly. Surely this never-failing acre of thorns might be renamed Hutchinson's Wiseacre.

Wednesday at Ledwell was a very good day. We hope the green-habit lady did not feel too like a green pea on a drum, but she must have nearly established a new altitude record for ladies. The gentleman from Rignell was hatless most of the day, but there appeared to be plenty of covering left to protect his head, and even if it was muddy, Friday night is Amami night. We were sorry to hear that Mrs. Charles had a nasty fall over a stile, but fortunately the style of her fall was the worst part of it.

On Saturday the meet was at Langston Arms, when the annual hunt meeting was also held. The joyful news soon spread that our Joints were continuing to fill the dish again next season, and this good news was the best part of the day, which otherwise was a case of "fox et præterea nihil."

From the Cheshire

The Wednesday operations from Bradfield Green proved fun for the five stalwarts who stuck it to the end (or who came out late)! Hounds going away on a traveller, from Calveley Park, ran quite fast in the direction of Pages. Circling back short of Wettenhall they crossed and recrossed the main road, the canal, and the railway between Highway Side and the station, and killed their fox after fifty minutes. Hard luck on the Master having to catch the London train before the end.

It's an unusually brave man (in more ways than one), that hunts in Jodhpores and a cap, but we understand that the laundry failed to deliver that week.

Friday from Bulkeley Mill was a busy day. The first hunt from Ridley Bache was fast, but it is a pity he did not run on to Cholmondeley; as it was hounds hunted beautifully in a right-handed circle up on to the hills, where they lost him, most of the field being more than pleased to take a breather, or something stronger, by the Gap, after thirty minutes "rapid" over the County Council small holding rails, plus the Cholmondeley drain. What rotten luck on our St. Asaph friend; we hope she is all right again. It was nice to see Ursula out here again for a couple of days in her old country. Ridley provided two sharp hunts—the first via Mr. Hobson's farm to ground at Chorley, and the second out towards Cholmondeley, hounds swinging left handed and catching their fox near Brindley Smithy.

Tom, of the Peninsular, having parked the germ, acquired on the forest, appeared again, also Norah, we trust with a better knee. All our sympathies to the Master, who got a nasty fall; we wish him a speedy recovery.

From Warwickshire

Monday from Shenington was a moderate scenting day, but Tuesday from Idlecote was not so bad considering what moderate twisting foxes live there. It looked like being fun when hounds ran fast off the hill towards Brailles, but Charles James thought better of it and turned back again, and was finally marked to ground in Idlecote. Bad luck for the sporting young soldier losing his good horse when he comes so far for a day's hunt. The ground is at last drying up, and it makes it more "holding" and harder work galloping over the ridge and furrow. It was bad from Oxhill across the brook to Sandpits in the low-lying meadows, though quite different riding on Thursday from Harbury when for a change we were on the top of the ground and not in it. The day was cold and grey and looked inauspicious for scent, but a fox from Itchington Holt gave us quite a nice gallop through Chesterton, and was marked to ground at Bromson Hill.

The holidays are over and we are once more settling down to peace, and it felt more like normal times on Friday at Hanwell with quite a small field. The hounds slipped most of us from Kilby's in the morning, and from all we could see from the hill the pack might have been in Timbuctoo. It is always the fault of that nasty brook if anything tiresome happens, and most of us were left trying to find a place to jump (which, by the way, is now impossible). The day ended with a slow hunt, from above Northend right along the hills, attended by practically no risks in the way of fences, and ending somewhere near Claydon village in the Bicester country.

From Lincolnshire

Sport on January 30 was like the curate's egg. The Southwold, after meeting at Hundleby Brickyard, found at once, and raced just about as hard as they could for thirty minutes, killing a bursted fox without back-pedalling once. Another short gallop, and then a parade from covert to covert without finding again. Thus a promising day ended in disappointment.

On the same day the Blankney did nothing of note in the morning. Plenty of foxes, but scent as scarce as money. When the sun was sinking, however, there came a surprising change of fortune. Finding in Broughton Low Covert, hounds kept together like a flock of gulls, as they flew to Stubton in Belvoir country, and then bringing a beaten fox back to Brant Broughton, killed just as the light was fading. A delightful thirty-two minutes after most people had gone home.

Brocklesby sport from Hawerby cross-roads on Saturday was annoyingly spoilt by motor-cars. A fox from Ravendale Belt, hemmed in on every side, was never given a chance, and his blood was spilt entirely through their intervention. Will this "heading" nuisance ever cease?

From the York and Ainsty

Both packs did well on Saturday (January 30), which perhaps wasn't surprising as it was a calm, clear day with neither wind nor "blue haze." The North, meeting at Markington, had a slow hunt from Cayton Gill in the morning, followed by a very long though twisty run with a four-mile point, ending up near the kennels. The South met at Eastrington, and had a short hunt from Ings Wood round Gilderdyke with their first fox. An outlier at the Foulness Bank then led hounds, appropriately enough, to the "Far East," crossing the canal into the Holderess country through Houghton Big Wood to Sancton Wold, where they had to be stopped after running more than two hours; a seven-mile point, or was it eight? We hope that F., who was swept off backwards by a wire, is none the worse.

Delightful Spring-like weather at Streethouses on Tuesday (2nd), with a large and eminently respectable field out, and the day was full of incident and comic happenings, with hunts from Steeton, Oxtan, and Askham Bogs.



LORD ORKNEY AND THE HON.
MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON

At the recent meet of the Whaddon Chase at Mentmore. There is another snapshot on the preceding page. Lord Orkney used to be Master of these hounds. The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton is the wife of the famous Newmarket trainer

SOMEBODIES IN SOCIETY

As the Camera sees them



VISCOUNT TIVERTON'S WIFE



THE HON. LADY CHICHESTER



ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNTESS TIVERTON

Lady Tiverton, of whom two portraits decorate this page, was Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart before her marriage which, took place on October 1st, 1930. A daughter of the late Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart and of the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Maule Ramsay, she has great charm of manner, and also possesses the most beautiful hands. Lord Tiverton, who is Lord Halsbury's only son, works very hard in the City

*Photographs by
Pearl Freeman*

The Hon. Lady Chichester, who has lately been very busy moving into a new house (Ovington Square is now her London address), is one of the most ardent of race-goers, and all open-air activities appeal to her. Being the only daughter of Lord Deramore, Yorkshire knows her very well indeed. Her husband, Sir Edward Chichester, used to be in the Senior Service

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—Our so-delightful André de Fouquières is heading a *campagne* against what he very aptly calls "*le snobbism de la purée*," which may be translated, very liberally, as "the snobbishness of playing at poverty"! He contends—quite rightly, I think—that them-as-has-it should spend it, instead of sitting on their money-bags, as so many seem inclined to do at present. Unfortunately, it is usually the other way round. It's them-as-hasn't-got-it that splash it around and bake *brioche* rather than bread. I wish, therefore, that M. de Fouquières had been with me yesterday evening. He would have rejoiced in the business-as-usual attitude of both M. Jean Patou, the great dresser of Lovely Ladies, and M. Paul Derval, the great *un-dresser* of ditto Girls.

No signs of the *crise* in Patou's white-and-gold *salons* during the presentation of his summer models. Indeed, his mannequins are, thank the Lord, a trifle more substantial than of past years (which means, I trust, caviare rather than porritch!); and the refreshments, handed round at half-time, were of pre-war lavishness . . . except that in pre-war times, of course, no *grand couturier* ever thought it necessary to numb his clientèle with *foie-gras* sandwiches and champagne. All the usual *habitués* were there, from our wizen little friend Sem, the caricaturist, to our flaxen and cherubic Lucien Vogel, the apostle, in France, of the present Russian régime. (And this is euphemistic!) The only absentee, so far as I could see, was M. Patou himself (it is true that I left early, as I was going on to the Folies-Bergère, and that I may have missed him), so I cannot inform you on the burning question of whether his own dinner jacket, this season, is double-breasted or single, night-blue or black, and whether—O shades of Brummel—he wears one stud or two in his shirt.

I arrived at the Folies-Bergère to find dark, blank portals closed against my entrance, and realised, too late, that I had not glanced at an evening paper. There is a good deal of mulishness in my ego, however, so I hotchled round to the stage-door. As one always does on last-rehearsal nights, I found that the *conciERGE's* cubby-hole had been turned into a little-Ritz bar! The place was full of ravishing creatures in various stages of dress and undress, against a background of beer and shirt-sleeves and slabby sandwiches and coffee and hard-boiled eggs! Ah, that ineffable smell of new scenery and cheap perfumery and old ballet shoes and dust and— But I dare not sully the chaste pages of this periodical by alluding to other yet more pungent odours inseparable from stage-doors in Paris. Cerberus demurred at first, but I found a dozen darlings to vouch for me, and I was permitted to pass into the theatre *viâ* the wings.

I wonder what optimist had allowed the morning papers to announce the *première* for that evening. Not half the chorus had its costumes, and the scenery seemed to be everywhere except on the stage. I found Jean-Gabriel Domergue, who has designed several sets, tearing his hair because his back-cloth, representing the Angkor Vat—and a wunnerful bit o' work it is, too—was half-hidden by a group of unclothed damsels. I hated to have to tell him that the public comes to the Folies to see Venus rather than the Colonial Exhibition, and I hardly think, even now, that I have quite convinced him.

Paul Derval, the manager of the Folies, reigns supreme in spectacular Revue-land now that Volterra the Magnificent has "gone Hollywood," and this new show has every appearance of being the most gorgeous thing of its kind that I have yet seen. The lavishness of the production shows no signs of *la crise*, and I suppose that this is because, even in times of *crise*, one must cater for the *cochon* that, to quote a French proverb, slumbers in every male buzzum.

* *

But *soyons sérieux*, and let me tell you of the success (*d'estime*, at all events) that has greeted Paul Morand's first play, "*Le Voyageur et l'Amour*." It was produced at the Théâtre Français the other afternoon and Society turned up in force to honour the event. I need hardly remind you that Paul Morand—born in Russia, educated at Edinburgh, Munich, and Oxford, ex-

diplomat (Rome and Madrid), author of "*Irène et Lewis*," "*Fermé (et Ouvert) la Nuit*"—is a great traveller and has made the universe his play-ground. For such a man of action his play is singularly lacking in the same quality. Watching him and hearing him behind the footlights is therefore less great a pleasure than reading him by the fireside or under the apple-trees in flower.

"*Le Voyageur et l'Amour*" stages the affairs of the hearts of the Traveller, the Lady, and the Man who stays at Home. The Lady loves the Traveller. The Traveller loves the Lady . . . but he rides away. His letters not filling a more and more greatly felt need, the Lady is about to console herself with the Man who stays at Home. Alas! the Traveller rings up on the long-distance, very long-distance, 'phone, and she remains faithful to the voice of the tyrant.

A slender and delightful theme, and I shall enjoy reading these two little acts that were exquisitely played—or should I say "spoken"?—by Madeleine Renaud, Bertin and Yonnel. Don't miss this play, *Très Cher*, when it appears on the bookstalls.—With love,
PRISCILLA.



"LA MAUVAISE CONDUITE" AT THE NEW THEATRE

A farce after Plautus, as performed by La Compagnie des Quinze, from Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, whose production of *Noë* and *La Viol de Lucrèce* was acclaimed by the English Press as a great artistic achievement. The picture is of a scene in Act. I of the arrival of Ménechme and Legomfié chez Erotie. *La Mauvaise Conduite* is by Jean Variot. Erotie, the lady with the garters, is played by Marguerite Cadavaski. The two Slaves, by Suzanne Maistre and Georgette Assy.

Sosicles (Auguste Boverio) and Ménechme (Jean Villard) are the two other men in the picture

TALKING ABOUT FILMS . . .



SIGNED C.B.: MISS CLARA BOW



MR. EDGAR WALLACE



ELEVATED TO STARDOM: MISS MARIAN MARSH

Above is a new picture of the master thrill-maker, who, with his super-cigarette holder and secretary in support, is now established in the quietude of Beverly Hills, where he is creating spine-chillers for the benefit of American pictures. Will this new adventure add to the Wallace collection of triumphs? It's a cinch. Miss Clara Bow, the original purveyor of "It," is here illustrating a new fashion—the branding of initials by means of the sun's rays. Miss Marian Marsh is now a Warner Brothers star, as the result of her fine work in "The Road to Singapore," etc. She plays her first leading part in "Under Eighteen." Miss Marlene Dietrich's latest picture, "The Shanghai Express," is due in London quite soon. Last week saw the general release of "Dishonoured," in which she has another triumph, this time as a Russian spy



MISS MARLENE DIETRICH

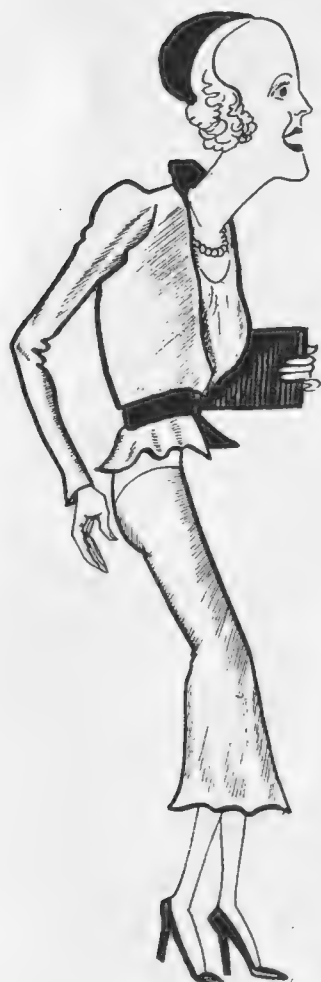
THE PASSING SHOWS



*"While
Parents
Sleep,"
at the
Royalty Theatre*

THE GUARDSMAN WHO FUNKED IT

Lady Cattering (Miss Frances Doble) enravishes her husband's A.D.C.-elect (Mr. Hugh Williams) by casting discretion and her clothes to the winds



THE BRIXTON BELLE

But not Belladonna. Bubbles (Miss Diana Beaumont) develops moral scruples

IF any parent sleeps during this play at the Royalty I shall be surprised. To put it mildly, (and heaven forbid that I should be either hypocritical or pompous, seeing how laughter of the coarsest description was wrung from me), the shock tactics of this piece are—ahem!—indiscretions of taste.

One guffaws at their exuberant impertinence and wonders how the author, Mr. Anthony Kimmins, has managed to "get away with it." Perhaps the atrocious crime of being a young man has been negated by the Luck of the Navy... "for you know what sailors are"! Anyway, that Chaucerian monosyllable and the other tit-bits have breezed out of the wardroom porthole and been wafted across the Royalty auditorium, to the surprise and amusement of those who could scarcely believe their ears on hearing the smoke-room equivalent of "head over heels" spoken on the stage.

Twenty years ago, when the vernacular was the same, but decorum held stronger sway, Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion" adjective was a nine-days' wonder. Now it is a permissible stage quip, productive of a harmless laugh. Why a reference to "Bloody" Mary should provoke as much mirth as a sly dig at the Virgin Queen will ever remain a mystery. Perhaps one must be a lexicographer to appreciate why some words are anathema and others not. Clearly Mr. Kimmins, like other bright lads on occasions, deserves a reprimand, even if it should be accompanied by a wink. His expressions are not excruciatingly funny in themselves; he is just being a naughty, rude boy for trotting them out before the ladies. Which, it can be argued, is bad form and not particularly good art.

His mouthpiece is a young scapegrace of a naval officer. What a lad! But however crude, tactless and fruity of speech this black sheep might be in his cups or in search of some blonde charmer in the local palais de danse, it would be reasonable to suppose that ordinary discretion would prevail in the parental drawing-room. But no. Mr. Kimmins is so set on making his dialogue as lewd as life and twice as natural that he draws no line between the bad lad and the impossible bounder. I put it to him as a Naval Officer (not to be confused, he says, with the N.O., the difference being that the one changes his shirt once a week and the other doesn't) that he is casting an aspersion on the gallantry of the senior (and once Silent) Service. After which I would draw him aside and tell him that his first play is a good deal "better than a slap in the belly with a wet fish" (his line, not mine), and drink a glass of grog to his next and the one after. For Mr. Kimmins, who

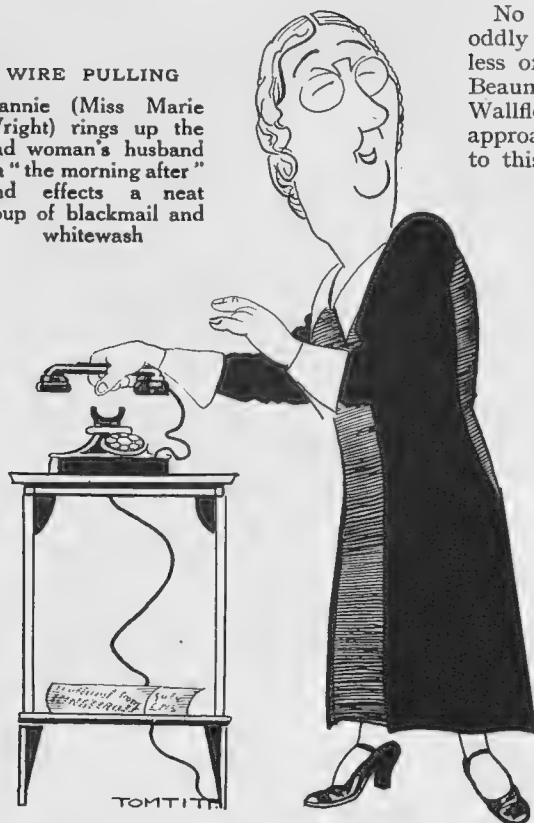


"JOKE OVER..."

The bold bad sailor (Mr. Jack Hawkins) must, and does, have his bit of fun

WIRE PULLING

Nannie (Miss Marie Wright) rings up the bad woman's husband on "the morning after" and effects a neat coup of blackmail and whitewash



has the knack of spontaneous dialogue, an eye for a situation, an irrepressible sense of humour and that mysterious quality known as a sense of the theatre, will be heard of again.

The story of *While Parents Sleep* concerns a father and mother, and the two ladies whom their sons bring home to dinner, escort to theatre and dance-hall, and return with at two o'clock in the morning. Paterfamilias is an Anglo-Indian major of the "When I-was-in-Poonah-in-'84" vintage, but not lacking in horse-sense and humour—this latter quality being acutely enhanced by the fact that he is delightfully played by Sir Nigel Playfair with all that actor's effortless obtuseness and dry-point skill. The elder son, Neville (Mr. Hugh Williams), who is in the Brigade, a snob and, contrary to appearances, a novice in dalliance, improves his chances of being appointed A.D.C. to a future Governor of somewhere or other by dancing attendance on that worthy's young and lovely wife. This siren is Lady Cattering (Miss Frances Doble), irreverently referred to by Neville's younger brother Jerry (Mr. Jack Hawkins) as "the Cattering piece." Jerry describes her on hearsay evidence as "licentious," which he interprets as "a white body and black sheets." But he is wrong, for when her Ladyship vamps Neville by the firelight in the small hours, a process entailing the removal of skirt and slippers and much exposure of lingerie, it would appear that the poor neglected girl has no soul-mates of her own age. How can one be licentious with a jealous husband and no contemporary boy friends? Lady Cattering's apologia amazed us less than Neville's extreme backwardness in coming forward to that state of bliss envisaged by languorous limbs swooning among the sofa cushions.

No less strange was Jerry's conduct, permitted equally oddly by his father, in insisting on bringing to dinner, regardless of the occasion, a "piece" from Brixton (Miss Diana Beaumont) whom he had picked up in a palais de danse. Wallflowers should note that the correct procedure is to approach the lady and say "Whoopee!" The countersign to this password is another "Whoopee!" and after that all should be well. The humour of the situation is that her Ladyship, who might be supposed to be virtuous, is bad; while "Bubbles," with her "invalid ma" and pick-me-up cavaliers, is not only pure, but positively a prude. The moment when the two goats, whose behaviour during the evening has been perfectly proper, discover the sheep hiding on the divan in highly compromising circumstances, adds a generous dollop of gentleman's relish to the *bonne-bouche* of the undressing scene.

In the last act—"the morning after"—it is mainly Jerry's breezy slang-slinging, still at hurricane force, that keeps the play from going completely to pieces. The affair ends in bathos and goodbyes, with a faithful Nannie as a good liar, a promising blackmailer, and a successful husher-up of scandal in possession of the field; both charmers going about their business; Bubbles to her boy in Brixton, her Ladyship to her husband waiting outside in his car. Neville relinquishes his A.D.C.-ship for regimental duty, and Jerry is free to pursue the downward path of wine, women and song. Result—a draw, with no more blots on the escutcheons than those clumsily invented beer-stains on "the Cattering piece's" white chiffon.

Miss Doble makes a hit and a welcome return to the stage at the same



A PATERNAL PIE-JAW

Major Hammond (Sir Nigel Playfair) brings his heaviest artillery into action

time. She "talks" a catchy little song at the piano, to her own syncopated accompaniment, with the husky-voiced intimacy demanded of such ditties, displays and discards some bewitching clothes with the authentic technique of a brazen hussy, and altogether carries off a difficult business with charm and assurance. Miss Mary Hinton is well cast as the pained and bewildered mother; Miss Marie Wright's Nannie is the genuine article, skilfully manufactured; Mr. Hugh Williams is admirably sad, simple, spoilt and sophisticated by turns; Mr. Jack Hawkins dispenses high spirits and low back-chat with an engaging heartiness which cannot be gainsaid; of Sir Nigel, in his best form, too little is seen where too much is an impossibility. Miss Diana Beaumont, with her Brixton accent, Mayfair frock, and all the good gifts of youth and beauty, steps firmly and brainily out of the ranks of ingénue-dom into the select circle of character and comedy.

"TRINCULO."



WHO'D BE A MOTHER?

With one son in the Guards moving dangerously in high life, and another in the Navy constantly in wine and trouble, Mrs. Hammond (Miss Mary Hinton) has her problems

AT IRRESISTIBLE ST. MORITZ

MISS ROSEMARY PHELPS DODGE.
AN ATTRACTIVE AMERICANPRINCESS GEORGE IMERETINSKY
CUTTING A FINE FIGUREMRS. ADOLPHE MENJOU
(KATHRYN CARVER)CHALIAPINE'S DAUGHTER: MISS
STELLA CHALIAPINE

CAPTAIN AND MRS. ROBERT GLEN



THE HON. MRS. D. C. MAXWELL AND MR. CECIL LATTA



CAPTAIN JIMMIE COATS

With British winter-sports centres going off the cold standard, a certain number of people have been unable to resist the lure of Swiss snow; consequently St. Moritz has, after all, had its share of English skiers. Captain Coats, who, by the way, has done the record average time for the year on the Cresta, was photographed just before starting in a no-fall race from Corviglia to Suvretta. Captain and Mrs. Robert Glen take plenty of exercise, too. She is a very popular South American and they have a villa at Biarritz. Miss Stella Chaliapine, who skis in a scarlet sweater and black trousers, is by common consent the prettiest girl St. Moritz has seen for a long time. When the camera caught Miss Kathryn Carver, she was wearing green and red travelling tweeds, preparatory to returning to London with her husband, Adolphe Menjou, who is making a film at the Wembley Studios. It is always a joy to watch Princess George Imeretinsky skim across the ice, and her black velvet tunic is most becoming. She has the distinction of being a Gold Medallist, and when at home practises every morning at the London Ice Club. Another enthusiastic skater is the Hon. Mrs. Denis Maxwell, Lord Farnham's sister-in-law. Miss Rosemary Phelps Dodge, daughter of the late Mr. Walter Phelps Dodge, the American diplomat, is to spend part of the London season with Baroness Palmstierna at the Swedish Legation.

AT THE CAIRO EMBASSY CLUB



TAKING THE FLOOR

AT SOME OF THE DINNER TABLES ON A BIG DANCE NIGHT

The names, reading from the bottom table (nearest camera), are, upwards, left side: Mr. John Midwood (17/21 Lancers), Miss J. Hughes, Miss Lettice Spencer, Captain R. B. B. Cooke (17/21 Lancers), Miss Nicholls, Captain Walford (17/21 Lancers), Mrs. Rawnsley, Mrs. Hayes Miller, Major Rawnsley, Mr. Hayes Miller, Mr. Seawright, Mrs. F. Arkwright, Captain Hurrell, Miss Bailey, Miss Spencer, Captain Arkwright, Mrs. Walford, Mr. Nigel Dugdale, and Mr. George Kidston

The Embassy Club, Cairo, of which these pictures convey some impression, is a really wonderful show, and is as bright a spot in a city rather renowned for bright spots as is to be found anywhere. Cairo never has been a dull place in winter, or in which to soldier at any time, and the changed political conditions do not seem to have made any great difference, so far as the social side of things is concerned. This Embassy Club, which is run extremely well, was opened last December, and has been a bumper success. There is a strong Cavalry Brigade in Cairo, and one of the units is the 17/21 Lancers, and the 1st Grenadier Guards are part of the big infantry garrison



AND ANOTHER TABLE AT SUPPER TIME

The names, beginning from the bottom left, upwards round the table, are: Mr. A. H. Porter, Miss Camille Russell (after Oliver Messel), Baron E. Von Stohrer (German Ambassador), Lady Cholmeley (wife of Sir Hugh Cholmeley), El Newa Russell Pasha, Captain Ogilvey Grant (A.D.C. to the High Commissioner), Mr. Monty Corry, the Earl of Warwick, Mr. Napoleon Brinckman (all Grenadier Guards), Miss Margaret Whigham, Captain George Browning (Grenadiers), Mr. Whigham, Mrs. Monty Corry, Miss Pat Corry, Miss Ellice, Sir Hugh Cholmeley (Grenadiers), Mrs. Hogarth, Miss Silvertop and Captain Hogarth (Grenadiers)

Photographs by Kerop .

From T'Other Side Atlantic



AT NASSAU, BAHAMAS: THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND HIS DAUGHTER, DIANA



AT MIAMI: MRS. BALDWIN BROWN AND MR. LADDIE SANFORD



IN HAVANA: MR. AND MRS. ELY CULBERTSON, WHO PLAY "BRIDGE" SOMETIMES



IN NEW YORK: MR. AND MRS. MISCHA ELMAN AND FAMILY BIRTHDAY PARTY

There are some people no one can kill, even with an axe, and "Winston" is one of them, for he has lived dangerously all his existence, and even a New York taxi failed to do him in. He went to the Bahamas to recover and is due back home shortly—but not too shortly, let us hope, for England is no fit land for heroes—at the flu-ent moment. It is peopled by heroes, nevertheless. "Laddie" Sanford, the polo Hurricane, was racing at the new Hialeah race-track or course at Miami. It is some course, in some climate. They miss Laddie in Leicestershire this season, but he is only one of many—worse luck. Ely Culbertson needs a spot of rest and is seen getting it. What people say to one another at the Bridge game has never yet been "perduced" as a motive for murder, but then, wonders never will cease so long as this lil' ole world continues to rotate—and not even when it ceases. They will start a racket in some other world. Mischa Elman, the violinist, of whom both hemispheres know, was at his forty-first birthday party—cake and all complete. Mr. and Mrs. Elman's two babies are Josef (2 years) and Nadia (5 years). Mischa has had a little breeze with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra



A Witch
with her
broom

and

PLAYERS



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THE BELVOIR AT BURBAGES, THE FAM

A Reproduction of a Coloured



US COVERT NEAR MELTON MOWBRAY

Photograph by Howard Barrett



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2-DOOR, 4-SEATER COUPÉ (with Pychley sliding head)	£275
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**Morris fit
Triplex Glass throughout.**

HUNTING IN IRELAND AND ENGLAND



Pooler, Dublin

WHEN THE WESTMEATH MET AT MEARESCOURT

Sitting: Mrs. Minchin, Captain D. Purdon, Miss Foster (from U.S.A.), Lady Nugent, Miss Gloria Nugent and Miss Grant. Standing: Miss Egan, Mrs. J. B. Barrington - Goodbody, Miss Betty McCall, Capt. C. E. Winter (the Master), Senator Sir Walter Nugent, the Marquis de Brissac (who is engaged to Lady Moira Forbes), Capt. Grant, Mrs. Malone and two others. Miss McCall is the heroine of the hour in Westmeath, having rescued her groom from drowning in the Mullingar canal, into which his frightened horse had plunged



Pooler, Dublin

MRS. CONNELL, M.F.H., AND MISS OLIVE PLUNKET

Having a word with the Meath Hounds at Lismullen, while waiting for the fog to clear sufficiently for the business of the day to start. Mrs. Connell succeeded Captain Harry Fowler as Joint Master of Ireland's premier pack with Captain J. A. Hornsby at the end of last season. She also controls the Kildare Harriers and is never happier than when out hunting. Miss Olive Plunket, Bishop Plunket's younger daughter, has a great love for the chase, too



Clabberton

OUT BEAGLING: DR. WALLER AND MR. WILL OGILVIE, THE POET



THE HON. P. M. SAMUEL AND MR. LAKIN

Above are two of the Whips to the Oxford University Drag. Mr. John Lakin also held this office last season. The Hon. Peter Samuel is Lord Bearsted's second son. Mr. Will Ogilvie, who is deservedly famous as the writer of sporting verse, was photographed at a meet of the Scott Plummer Beagles at Ashkirk House, in the Lauderdale country. The snapshot on the right features two well-known Leicestershire personalities. Lady Kathleen Rollo was laid low by an operation at the beginning of the season, but is now hunting again and going better than ever



MRS. GERARD LEIGH AND LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO

"THE WATER RATS" <LADY RATLINGS> DINNER



MR. CHARLES AUSTIN AND MR. AND MRS.
DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD



SOME LADY RATLINGS AND SOME WATER RATS

The Group includes: Mrs. Minnie O'Farrell (centre, Queen Ratling) and wife of Talbot O'Farrell, Mr. Charles Austin (King Rat) and Mrs. Charles Austin (past Queen Rat), Mr. and Mrs. George Clarke, Wee Georgie Wood, Mr. Bert Hinkler, Mr. and Mrs. Syd. Howard, Jack Hylton, Mr. and Mrs. Will Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barty, Mrs. Claude Gardner, Mrs. Catherine Alexandre (Princess Rat) and Mrs. Noel Bamercell (Secretary)



MRS. ARCHIE WATSON AND MR. NORMAN
LONG, THE FAMOUS ENTERTAINER



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES COBURN



MR. FRANK BARNES, MRS. STANLEY LUPINO
(CONNIE EMERALD) AND HER DAUGHTER

"The Water Rats" is a very old-established Order and is really the Variety Artists' very own—and the Grand Order of Lady Ratlings, its female counterpart, flung this cheery party and dance at the Park Lane Hotel last week. As may be observed from this small collection of celebrities, everyone of note in the variety-stage world was there, including the old friend of so many of us—Charlie Coburn, the creator of "The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." H.R.H. the Prince of Wales wrote Mr. and Mrs. Coburn a letter of congratulation on their golden wedding, which they celebrated the other day. Mr. Douglas Wakefield is in Gracie Fields' brilliant success, "Walk This Way," and Mrs. Wakefield is Gracie Fields' sister and was formerly Miss Edith Fields. The big group displays the Queen Ratling (Mrs. Talbot O'Farrell), in its centre, and the rest of the names speak for themselves

Photographs by Arthur Owen

THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



STEPPING STONES

A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

DURING the coming week-end, the reorganised English side will endeavour to wrest victory from Ireland, at Dublin. Although a few of the persistent grumblers have found fault with the latest effort of the selectors, there can be little doubt that our team is more effective than that which went down before the South

to look out for his rather devastating tackle. The Irishmen do not, on paper, seem too strong at half—a comforting reflection for the two English new boys. E. O'D. Davey is quite a standing dish in the national side, and has already played six times against England, so no doubt experience will serve him well. P. F. Murray is a player for whom

everyone has real respect, but if and when the Irish forwards get down on the English line we may be rather glad that Mark Sugden is not about to offer his famous dummy for sale.

The English changes should make for increased efficiency. J. A. Tallent has not, so far, shown his best club form in international matches, and the presence of D. Burland, of Bristol, will certainly strengthen the defence. As to the halves, *pace* certain disgruntled critics, a change was almost inevitable. Everybody admires R. Spong's courage and determination, but most people also recognise his limitations. Spong was born some decades too late—he would have been a famous player in the days before combination was dreamt of. W. H. Sobey, while playing sound football, seems slower than he was before his last serious injury, and has not reached quite his best form this year.

For a good many weeks now, there have been rumours about W. Elliott, the Navy stand-off, and it was generally known that he was well in the running for a cap. He might have had to wait till next season if things had gone better, and has got his chance earlier than was expected, but there is no reason why he should not make good. He has all the advantages, except the rather important one of intimate acquaintance with his partner, and he should be able to get his backs going. B. C. Gadney nearly got in against the Springboks, after doing pretty well in the trials, and his physique will be useful against the dashing Irish pack.

We cannot all spare the time, or, for that matter, the money, to go to Ireland, but there is a very attractive match at Twickenham, where the Royal Navy meet the Royal Air Force in the first match of the Inter-Services championship. The Navy have won ten out of twelve encounters, and are favourites again this year.



THE BART'S XV WHICH BEAT THE OLD MILLHILLIANS

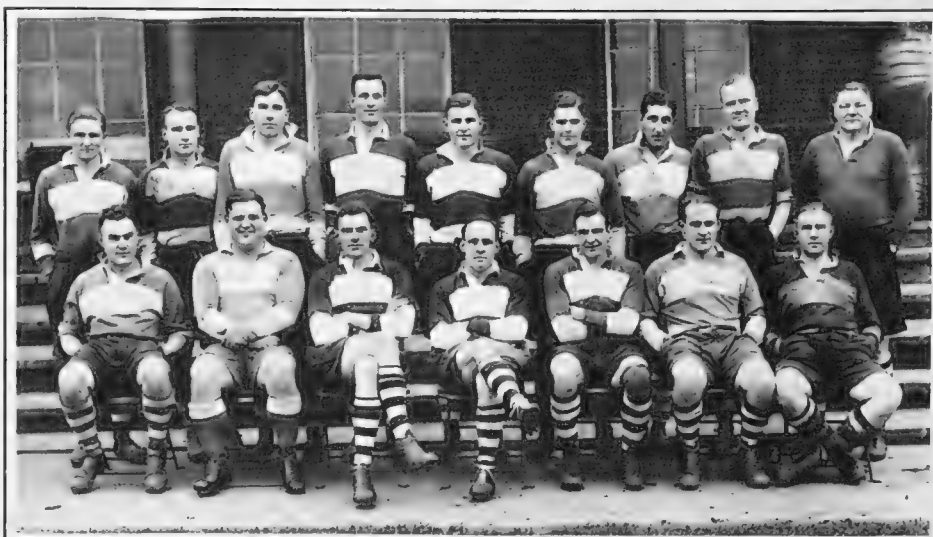
R. S. Crisp

Bart's good win at Winchmore Hill by 10 to nil v. a strong Old Millhillian side, makes them look pretty good for the Hospitals' Cup. Mill Hill had Spong and Sobey, both internationals, plus Carris, the old Cambridge Blue, so they were definitely formidable. The names in the Bart's group are (left to right) standing: C. Shields (Referee), J. G. Youngman, L. M. Curtiss, J. R. Kingdon, —Hogwood, K. J. Harvey, A. H. Pirie, C. W. John, D. W. Moynagh, D. L. L. Davies (touch judge). Front row: G. D. S. Briggs, B. S. Lewis, J. T. C. Taylor, W. M. Capper (Captain), J. M. Jackson, J. D. Powell, E. M. Darmady.

Africans and Wales, and if we cannot feel too confident, we have at least some reason to hope for success. The Irishmen have won the last three matches, two of them at Twickenham, as the owners of the cushions at headquarters have good reason to know. It is rather curious that the last four games between the two countries have all been won by a single point only, and on two occasions a dropped goal has done the trick. There may be an equally close contest this time.

Some of the old hands can remember when the Irish forwards used to go off at top speed and perform Herculean feats of valour for twenty minutes or so, after which they had shot their bolt, and ceased to be a source of danger. That is all over now; the Irishmen last as long as any other side, and many will recall their brilliant rally in the closing stages of last year's match, when, after looking all over a beaten side, a penalty goal gave them fresh heart, and they fairly pulled the game out of the fire. Some of the Irish side may be termed veterans nowadays, but they are still a force to be reckoned with. The absence of J. D. Clinch, due to an injury, will be felt, for he almost invariably plays well against England. We know most of the other forwards, and George Beamish will, as usual, be a tower of strength.

S. L. Waide, the Oxonian, is to be congratulated on his cap, presumably his blue will follow in due course. He was obviously better than one Oxford wing last December, but they do funny things at the 'Varsities. The Irish selectors have done well to bring in E. W. F. de V. Hunt again, this time at centre. He is too good a footballer to be left out in the cold, and his selection is very popular in London, where he is recognised as one of the most attractive players of the day. Our centres will have



THE OLD MILLHILLIANS' XV.

R. S. Crisp

The side that got beaten by Bart's (in picture at top), at Winchmore Hill, in the recent encounter. Mill Hill were strong behind the scrum, but Bart's had their measure most of the way. Included in the group are (left to right), standing: C. S. Darke, J. R. Colman, R. J. Edwards, W. R. Lackie, N. S. Farrow, D. V. Saunders, S. Fulda, L. Evans, C. Shields (Referee). Front row: J. Laphorn, H. E. Carris, J. E. Benham, R. S. Spong (Captain), W. H. Sobey, T. H. B. Lowther, M. W. Jackson.



OBEDIENT ALBERT

A Highly Moral Tale

Young Albert was an orphan lad,
No loving parents Albert had ;
A maiden Aunt looked after him
And she was very strict and prim.

She made him wear hygienic vests
(Which any normal boy detests)
And gave him vitamins to eat,
With carbohydrates for a treat.

Till he was twenty-one years old
Young Albert did as he was told ;
He read improving kinds of books,
And never entered pastry-cooks.

He carried out his Aunt's advice :—
" Don't ever eat and drink what's nice
(As self-indulgent people do)
But only what is good for you."

So once when he went out to dine
He told the waiter : " Bring no wine,
No coffee, ginger-beer or tea—
Bring something that is good for me."



The waiter bowed and went away,
And brought back on a little tray
A brimming glass with creamy head ;
" This must be what you want " he said.

Young Albert raised it to his lips
And took a few inquiring sips,
And soon a kind of holy joy
Lit up the features of the boy.

" What is this beverage ? " he cried ;
" Guinness " the serving-man replied ;
" Then Guinness " Albert vowed " shall be
The only beverage for me ! "

" How glad I am that I paid heed
To what my worthy Aunt decreed !
It's obvious that Auntie knew
That Guinness is the World's Best Brew."

Moral

The Moral is that even cranks
Occasionally earn our thanks.

GUINNESS

is good for you





RAMOND (MR. E. H. EVANS) AND MISS EVE DRURY AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

Mr. Evans, a former Gloucester and International Rugger player, has taken on dancing professionally and is at the Café de Paris, with his partner, Miss Eve Drury, who is a daughter of the late Mr. W. E. Drury, the Australian gentleman rider and trainer

THE following two epitaphs are taken from "Here I Lie," Mr Cecil Hunt's collection of quaint epitaphs from various countries, recently published by Jonathan Cape, Ltd. The first is from the United States and the second from Burlington—

"Died on the 11th inst. at his shop, No. 20, Greenwich Street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable, as a hatter upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all praise, and his beaver hats were only three dollars each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he had so cheap that his widow can supply hats at more reasonable rates than any house in the city. His disconsolate will carry on the business with punctuality."

"Here lies the body of Mary Ann Lowder;
She burst while drinking a Seidlitz powder.
Called from this world to her heavenly rest,
She should have waited till it effervesced."

The tourist was being shown some famous old caves. "Yes, sir," said the guide, with an air of mystery, "I could tell you stories about these caves that would raise the very hair on your head."

The tourist laughed. "I don't believe it," he said. The guide looked a trifle crest-fallen. "Then perhaps you are very brave?" he suggested.

"Not at all," replied the other, "I'm very bald."

A woman who hated the sea arranged to spend a holiday in the Channel Islands. She boarded the boat at Weymouth, and went to her cabin at once. Some time later the steward heard sounds of trouble emanating from her bunk.

"Madam," he said, tapping on the door, "are you ill?" There was an affirmative answer.

"Well," said the steward, "what's your hurry? We're still in harbour, and we don't start for an hour yet."

Bubble and Squeak

She had been having trouble with her eyes, and went to a doctor for advice. He gave her some eye lotion and told her to call again in a week. The same evening, however, she came back: "Oh, doctor," she said, "I forgot to ask you about that eye lotion you gave me. Do I drop it in my eyes before or after meals?"

A man stood in the dock, and his face gave evidence of a scrap, both his eyes being blacked and a couple of his teeth missing.

After hearing the policeman's evidence, the magistrate looked across at the prisoner. "So," he said, "not satisfied with having a merry evening, you had to end up with a fight."

The prisoner nodded. "Very well," said the magistrate, "pay ten-and-sixpence."

The man scratched his head thoughtfully. "But, your worship," he said, "I don't mind paying ten bob for a fight, but what's the extra tanner for?"

"Oh, that's entertainment tax!" the magistrate blandly replied.

"Ah!" sighed the serious-faced golfer in the corner, "how little we know of the future and what it has in store for us!"

"That's true enough."

"Yes! Little did I think when I took up golf sixteen years ago that I would fail to be Amateur Champion before I reached forty!"



Janet Jevons

MISS MOLLY FISHER IN "WHITE HORSE INN."

Miss Fisher went into "White Horse Inn" vice Miss Rita Page. "White Horse Inn" reached its 500th performance at the Coliseum on January 26, and is showing no present signs whatever of having outstayed its welcome



*In
My Lady's
Handbag*

DeReszke has produced a perfectly delightful little packet of five D.R. Minors. A slim packet that will withstand pressure, made specially to tuck into a lady's handbag (or into a waistcoat pocket). Five for twopence — and containing exactly the same Virginia tobacco as the most expensive De Reszkes you can buy. What a discovery!

De Reszke MINORS

10 for 4d. • 20 for 8d.

5 for 2d Decorated flat tins, 60 for 2/-

Plain or 'Ivory'-tipped

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd., Proprietors Established 1844.



WITH THE H.B.D.H.: MISS A. VILLIERS AND MRS. J. R. DURHAM-MATTHEWS

A snapshot when these hounds met at Billingbear, Mrs. Battye's home. Miss Villiers is a daughter of Lt.-Col. Charles and Lady Victoria Villiers, who is a sister of the Duke of Roxburghe

let us hope that a few people are going to do so quite soon. People seem to think that there is something marvellous and difficult about this Rope Trick. This is quite wrong. It is very easy and anyone can do it. All that is needed is a rope, a beam (even a lamp-post or a tree will do), and some one who is not afraid of the Long Jump. Also, it's all nonsense calling it the "Indian" Rope Trick. It is very well known in many other parts of the world where they do not prefer the Hot Squat method.

It is astounding what our scientists manage to discover. Only the other day they said that there was once an animal called a Chalicotherium—a large herbivorous animal "something like a horse." Of course, this was not "new" at all. There are bundles of them about—animals which are described either as "Something like a horse" by their would-be vendors and as "Some Thing like a horse" by their purchasers. Now these industrious gentlemen say they have found the "Missing Link." People, who are not professors, have been under the rooted impression for years and years that the "coupling" between has been roaming about in hordes and droves. This Ostracoderm which lived about a thousand million years ago was not of the Anthropoid Ape type so plentiful today, but was a sea-scorpion with the foundations of a human face. This does not read like "news" to me. There are bundles of things running about with the "foundations of a human face," and which convey the idea that that is about as far as it is ever likely to go with them.

The *Turf Who's Who*, which is to be published by the May Fair Press at the end of March, is a book that a

Pictures in the Fire "SABRETACHE" By

IF W. S. Gilbert's shade is anywhere near Geneva at the moment it is more than likely he will gather inspiration for a sequel to *The Mikado*.

It will have been noticed by anyone who reads anything in addition to the football news and the Grand National Forecasts that there has been quite a lot in the papers about a thing called the "Indian Rope Trick." No one has ever seen it, of course, but

whole lot of people have been wanting for a very long time, as nothing of the sort has been done since 1905, when *The Sportsman's Year Book* was published by George Newnes, Ltd.—or, at least, I do not think I have seen anything since then. The May Fair Press has been responsible for those two useful volumes of *The Fox-Hunters' Year Book*—last season and this season—and from some advance proofs which Mr. G. M. Scott, the guiding light of the May Fair Press, has been kind enough to show me, I am sure that *The Turf Who's Who* is going to be turned out just as well. I understand that Mr. Fairfax Blakeborough—whom I know in print only, unfortunately—has been co-opted for the compilation of the 1200 biographies, which run to 120,000 words, and, recognising his tireless energy, I can see that the task will be very well performed. It is, I understand, to be an annual and expanding publication, as of course it will need to be, and it does not arrive a moment too soon—Good luck!

The following further sums have been received by me for the Old War Horse (Egypt) Fund, for which Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke has worked so hard: Mr. George Bryant, Ashorne Hall, Warwickshire, £5; collected by Mrs. St. John Bett, Warwickshire, £10 10s. Both these sums were sent in per Mrs. Wilfred Holden, Bromson Hall, Warwickshire. Mrs. George Bryant had already sent the Fund £6 6s., and it is very noble of Mr. Bryant to give it a "second barrel." A further sum of £11, which was



LADY DE FOREST ALSO AT THE H.B.D.H. MEET

Lady De Forest is the wife of Baron De Forest and a daughter of the late Lord Gerard

collected by Lady Rosemary Eliot, aged twelve, the daughter of Lady Blanche Douglas and the late Earl of St. Germans has also been received and sent on to Lloyds Bank, Fleet, to credit of the Old War Horse Fund. The total amount collected in England through the notes and elsewhere, will be published in due course, so I understand; but at the moment Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, who is in Cairo, does not want to do so because the need is still great and she has no desire to stop the endeavour.



WITH THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAG

A group taken when this hard-working pack met at Billingbear Lodge, Berfield, Berks, Mrs. Battye's house. In the picture are Miss Oswald Smith, Mrs. Battye and Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie



A Riddle — ?
What is that in
which Scotland's
success is
England's gain?
why . . .
JOHNNIE WALKER



Petrol Vapour : By W. G. ASTON

Cat out of Bag.

I DO not by any means believe all I read in the daily newspapers, especially about motoring matters, but it seems that they were substantially right about the Dagenham works of Mister Ford producing an entirely new all-British 8-h.p. light family car. This, I gather from the authoritative account of it in "The Autocar" (which is not in the habit of making bloomers), is to make its appearance some time in the late Spring, though what its price is to be is still "wropt in mystery." In a way this development is rather a reversal of the usual procedure. In the past he has, as a rule, got out a design which has offered itself like an Aunt Sally (no disparagement intended—I never disparage anything built by Ford) for competitors to shy at, but now he has decided to go into an already very busy section of the arena wherein several notable light-car pioneers have well established themselves—Morris, Austin, Standard, Singer, Triumph, and Hillman, to name only the most significant. I believe there is a good deal to be learnt from this, and it happily suggests to me that our British motor industry, of which we already have such good reason to be proud, is pretty soon going to get some of its own back. The simple fact is that the vast majority of this earth's inhabitants are jeucedly hard up. But it is a case of "once a car-owner always a car-owner." Thus, economic pressure will force most of them downwards in the power-scale, and they will come quite naturally to the small, capable, low-priced, and cheap-to-run car in which enterprising British engineers have been supreme this last twenty years. Now in this market we can deliver the goods, as no other country can, and I feel well convinced that in these circumstances we shall very soon get the benefit—not of foresight, it must be granted—but of the changing luck of the game. Doubtless some of those who originally instituted the horse-power tax (thus for years and years smothering our car-producer so far as the export business was concerned) will now proudly say "We told you so! The splendid seed we sowed is about to yield a rich harvest." And doubtless some of us would believe them—only that it is so hard to imagine that any of them foresaw the sort of cataclysm in which the best part of the world is engulfed to-day. Nevertheless, if good does come out of evil, they shall have forgiveness, on the strict understanding, however, that no credit belongs to them. On the other hand, credit is very distinctly due to those makers of ours who have succeeded in producing a "real motor car" of low horse-power—that is to say, something that is not merely a run-about, but that will deal adequately with a family party of full-sized 'uns, and deliver a very respectable performance into the bargain. I know from my correspondence that this is the sort of proposition that is engaging the attention of the "hard-hit," not only at home but abroad, indeed, especially abroad. One exile home on leave about two years ago assured me that he would never consider anything of less than 30 h.p., and this being his policy and conviction he had for long enough patronized the produce of the U.S.A. But now he writes to inquire my opinion of the Morris Family Eight, and pathetically tries to get away with "the roads

are getting so good out here that something of this kind should do all the work I want." You don't have to read between the lines either, for in another part of his epistle he frankly admits that "all of us are pretty much as up against it as you folks at home." Obviously they have to cut their coat according to the cloth, and as the cloth is not exactly superabundant the British style looks like being almost universally fashionable—and a very excellent style it is, too. Fits very well, without pinching anywhere; in fact, there is plenty of room in it. An honest, lasting job it is, as well, and it needs to be, for according to all the depressingly well-informed authorities we are still a long way short of touching bottom. Well, well, it's an ill enough breeze, but at least the British light car looks like getting some good blown out of it.



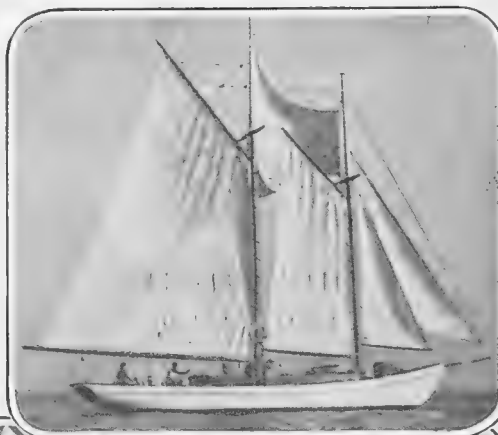
"PETER" OF THE EMBASSY

Peter succeeded the ever-to-be-lamented Luigi as manager of the famous little club in Bond Street, and he is a very worthy and most popular substitute

Writ Sarcastic.

I was telling you the other day, if you remember, about my little trick of running in daylight with the side lamps on so as to get an extra charge (it is three whole amps. in my case) from the dynamo. Well, t'other day I drew up to have speech with a pal o' mine, an admirable fellow and, I would have said, quite one of the bright lads of the village. "I say, old man," quotha, "d'you know your lamps are on? Is it foggy your way?" "Not a whit, neighbour," I briskly returned. "Natheless, I have them on a-purpose." "But what on earth for, with the sun shining like this?" "The fact is," I answered confidentially, "my eyesight has been getting most shockingly bad lately and I can't see properly without 'em." "Good lord," he said; "my dear old chap, I'm awfully sorry to hear that" (and there was genuine sympathy in his voice). "I'd no idea. That's going to be pretty serious for you, I'm afraid. Don't you have to sign a form declaring that you can read a number-plate so-and-so many yards away?" "Yes, if the question arises..."

(Continued on p. x)



THE SCHOONER
"SWORDFISH"
AT
PALM BEACH



AND HER OWNER AND CREW: SAM TAYLOR AND BOB COOK

This small schooner yacht, "Swordfish," with her crew of two, both from Chicago, Illinois, had covered 6,000 miles of her round-the-world cruise when these pictures were taken, after she had dropped her hook in the Roads off Palm Beach, Florida. Her intrepid owner and crew are out to collect data from the little known places of this world

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

Don't be afraid of your gears...



"I got half-way up Hunchback Hill," said Mary, looking affectionately at her Vauxhall Cadet, "and then I decided to do the right thing and go into second. Believe me or not," she added, defiantly, "I changed down so quietly that not even a click came out of the gearbox!"

"Don't tell me," sniffed her brother, "that you've learned how to double-declutch at last."

"I have not, and I'm not going to. You don't double-declutch on a Cadet nowadays, Mr. Know-all. You just move the lever, and it's done. And if you think, with all your miles of driving, that you've ever known a quieter second gear, I'll have a little bet with you."

"No, thanks!" said Dick, hurriedly, "I've just remembered. That car of yours has Synchro-Mesh and a Silent Second. Why, any learner first time out could have done as well as you on Hunchback Hill!"

4-DOOR SALOON £285
(Ex Works, Hendon)

Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof £10 extra.
Fixed-head Coupé - - - £295
All-weather Saloon and Drop-head Coupé, £325

Special 26-h.p. model for overseas

FAULTLESS GEAR-CHANGE

No double-declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no stalling, no noise — you never need make a bad gear-change on the Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh gears give you a feeling of expert control; the Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears as you should. And in performance and appearance the Cadet is all you could wish for. Ask any dealer for a trial run, or write to General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

VAUXHALL CADET

(17 H.P., SIX CYLINDERS)

It's British

COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT
174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1



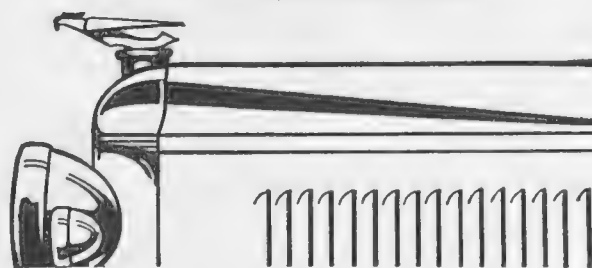
For those who want a bigger car

THE smooth performance of the Vauxhall Silent Eighty is a sheer delight. A sweetly-running 24-h.p. engine, with a combined air-cleaner and silencer on the intake—a new "Silent Third" gear-box giving quiet running in all gears and easier gear-changing rubber mountings for the bodies—every feature that makes for quietness has its place in the Eighty.

The seating is a revelation in comfort. The rear arm-rests are recessed to give wider accommodation; and the bucket front seats are as comfortable as an armchair. The weatherproof sliding roof fits flush, and is practically unnoticeable when closed.

PRICES (Ex Works, Hendon)

Richmond Saloon*	£485
Kingston Coupé	£495
Velox Semi-panelled Saloon	£535
Kimberley Saloon	£595
*Newmarket 7-passenger Saloon	£685
(Sliding roof standard on above models)	
*Grosvenor 7-passenger Limousine	£695
(Sliding roof £10 extra)	
*On long-wheelbase chassis	



VAUXHALL *Silent* EIGHTY





"'Something' in my cabin. Not only 'something,' but something terrible"

THE MEETING OF THE JAWS

By Lieut.-Commander G. E. P. HOW,
R.N. (Retired)

been filled in and we were unable to obtain the lower jaw.

The doctor was very disappointed about this, because although the skull was that of an elderly person the teeth were all in a remarkably fine state of preservation. He fitted a small bracket above the head of his bunk, to which he wired the skull, and there it remained for the next few weeks.

During this period an R.N.R. lieutenant from Wales left the ship very suddenly and without any of the ward-room officers knowing the reason. I discovered at a later date that he had confided in strictest confidence to the captain that he was very psychic, and that he did not wish anything said about it as he objected to being laughed at, but the ship was haunted, and he had seen things in her that would have driven most men out of their minds.

Shortly after this the Assistant-Paymaster, whose cabin was next door to the doctor's, complained to the Commander that on two or three occasions he had awakened to find a figure in his cabin, there being just sufficient light from the police lamps outside for him to see that there was some one there, apparently searching the cabin, but not enough light to recognize who it was.

On each occasion he had switched on his light, but the man had disappeared. He had not even been in time to see him leave the cabin.

The Commander said that if the man came again the Assistant-Paymaster was to jump out of his bunk and catch him, as he could only escape by going right along the upper deck.

Three nights later the Assistant-Paymaster was seen by the Quartermaster on watch running at full speed in his pyjamas along the upper deck. He saw him run to the gangway and disappear over the side. A fast tide was running, and not even a cry was heard. He was never seen again.

(Continued on p. xii)

IN 1917, while serving as Sub-Lieutenant in H.M.S. —, I became great friends with Surgeon-Lieutenant Y—, a young medical officer who had recently come to sea for war service, bringing his bull terrier pup with him. We were mostly stationed off Charlestown, and used frequently to walk to Dunfermline for tea or a drink at the local "pub."

One day the doctor confided to me that he had noticed that workmen, who had been digging up the aisle in Dunfermline Cathedral, had exposed a skeleton, and he wanted to get its skull to hang up as a trophy in his cabin.

The following day we walked to Dunfermline, where we obtained a large paper bag, and whilst I and his bull terrier kept watch outside the cathedral, the doctor proceeded to excavate the skull with a pen-knife.

He had got the skull out, and was working on the lower jaw, when I gave the alarm that people were coming. Popping the skull into the paper bag we walked quietly away undetected, and as it was late we decided to return the following day for the lower jaw.

Unfortunately, that night the ship was ordered to sea, and on our return to harbour that part of the cathedral aisle had

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

The General was, read his testimonial—



From
The General Officer Commanding
the Frizzlebad District.

Gentlemen

Throughout my service in India I took a glass of Shell neat with my chota hazri every morning and I found that my volatility actually increased as the day grew hotter.

Yours etc.,

E. Bitam

(BRIG. GEN. RET.)

Winter Shell Petrol is specially blended to give quick starting in cold weather

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME



The holder of an important office: Miss Doris Chambers, who has been re-elected Treasurer to the Ladies' Golf Union

IN a world torn and distracted by gigantic problems let us not be too preoccupied to turn a pitying eye on to fourteen poor women who for-gathered in Surrey last week. It was the Trial Match. It was damp and raw and foggy. Officials loomed up out of the mist at inconvenient moments and asked with inquisitorial authority how their victims were getting on. They, these lordly ones, were exempt from playing. They shivered, possibly, in the cold, but they were above—or below in some cases—question. They were, or they were not, in the team definitely, that hard-worked word for once appearing in its right sense.

West Byfleet greens were extremely good, the whole course playing as well as any could hope to do with a considerable ground frost just in process of escaping thereon,

but the judging of distance was no easy affair even if there had been no official eye upon those who were attempting the task. However, quite a number managed to play exceedingly good golf, notably Miss Sylvia Bailey, who was keeping very close to par figures; Miss Julia Hill, who did likewise; and Mrs. Peel. Now Mrs. Peel twelve months ago was still Miss Marjorie Thomas of Gullane, who played sixth for Scotland in 1929 at St. Andrews. Four years before that she, still in the pig-tail stages, very nearly won the Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry in partnership with Miss J. G. Broun. All the time she has kept a really delightful swing, a low handicap, and abundant promise. The result is that Surrey count themselves lucky and are looking forward to the day when she will be duly qualified to play for them. That happy moment will arrive this Spring before some of the most vital matches. It was her sister who played with Miss Druitt last year in the Scottish Foursomes and took Miss Enid Wilson and Mrs. Percy to the 21st hole. Fighting force, accordingly, may be said to run in the family.

For prisoners at the bar the fourteen kept wonderfully calm, but if you really wanted to find cheerful golfers last week the place to go was the Piccadilly Hotel while the annual dinner of the L.G.U. was going on. Mercy, how everybody talked and laughed, and how pleased we all were to see one another! Lady Rhondda, the retiring chairman of the Union, said it was positively exhilarating to come amongst people who were so obviously enjoying themselves, and not worrying for the moment about the troubles of the great world. Lady Rhondda is always delightful, so is Mr. Bernard Darwin and Miss Huleatt, but the speakers who really set the tables rocking with laughter were Sir Nairne Stewart-Sandeman and Lady Denman. Sir Nairne had a fund of good stories of the bad old days at St. Andrews, when a man might be disinherited for daring to play golf on the long links with a girl; when the lords of creation would stroll to the window and, looking out across the Swilcan in search of a petticoat, inquire disdainfully, "Many vermin on the course to-day?"

The "vermin" present thoroughly enjoyed their new title. So they did the story which gave them the laugh against Man, of the single player whose score, as he recorded it on his card, bore only the most distant resemblance to the score as he had played it. His caddie, of the true, unyielding St. Andrews type, remarked caustically that at this rate he'd be winning the scratch medal as well as the handicap. To which his player replied, "You don't know what the others are putting down."

As for Lady Denman, who is to be the new president, the golfers entirely took her to their hearts, and having first got them to laugh with her, it is pretty sure that she will next get them to follow her through all the intricacies of agendas with something of more than usual interest. She confessed to admiration verging on veneration for the L.G.U.; how before reading that momentous red tome, "The L.G.U. Year Book," she had been humble; since reading it she was abject; one of her cards, the card on which she had been given a generous handicap for nothing, had been improperly signed, and her subsequent endeavour to rectify the matter has made her feel that she had suffered considerably owing to the honour that she had accepted. She quoted that delicious passage from the "Badminton" volume of golf, published no longer ago than 1892, wherein the advisability of woman playing golf at all is gravely discussed, together with the impropriety of their attempting to hit the ball farther than 70 or 80 yards, "not because we doubt their ability to do so, but because this cannot be done without raising the club above the head, and the posture and gestures necessary to a full swing are hardly becoming when the player is clad in female dress."

Well, well! So we have progressed a little in forty years, and no longer need the indulgence of the writer in "Badminton" who, Lady Denman reminded us, was really a most gallant and advanced fellow, because he at least thought the female sex might be allowed to play golf "when the male golfer is feeding or resting." By this time her audience had given up debating whether Lady Denman's enchanting frock was deep apricot, café-au-lait, or something between the two, and were just hanging on every word. They were not at all in accord with the view of the reporter she quoted, who concluded his account of a club dinner and the speeches thereafter, "both speakers were brief, as the evening was set aside primarily for enjoyment." We at the Piccadilly were having our enjoyment already.

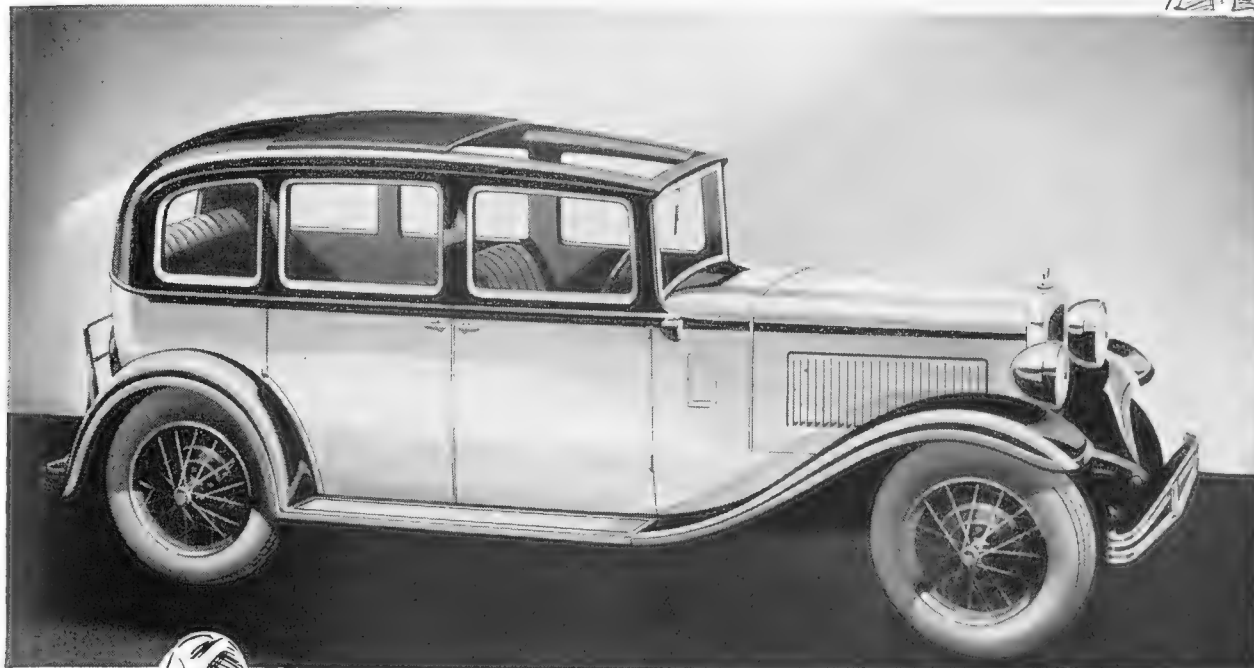
There were dancing and cabaret afterwards, and even the gravest of delegates, full of responsibility at thought of the morrow's annual meeting, were not in their beds till the wee sma' hours.

A amateur photographers who have really "sharp" snapshots of golfing subjects, particularly close-up photographs of prize-winners, are reminded that the Editor of "The Tatler" will always be glad to consider such and to pay usual rates for any that are accepted.



Miss Julia Hill, who captained Surrey 2nd last year, has been promoted to the County team. She won her match in the Surrey Trial held last week at West Byfleet

AS · DEPENDABLE · AS · AN · AUSTIN



THE TWELVE SIX DE LUXE SALOON, £225



I in 4

"The Twelve-Six only £198... H'm, that seems to supply a reason why every fourth new car registered in Great Britain during the last trading year ending July 31, 1931, was an Austin."

READ THE AUSTIN
MAGAZINE: 4d. every month

Why have so many chosen an AUSTIN TWELVE-SIX?

Every fourth new car registered in Great Britain during the trading year ending July 31, 1931, was an Austin!

Every fourth person, therefore, is assured of trouble-free motoring for many years to come. For the Austin will give him—and continue to give—what he wants most in a car—freedom from worry, unfaltering service...outstanding dependability.

Look the Twelve-Six over—it is typical of the value obtained in the whole Austin range—and you then will appreciate why so many choose an Austin.

Here is a six-cylinder car, a full-sized saloon of fine appearance, fully equipped, yet costing only £198. In designing this car for the owner driver Austin has produced a car that is simple to drive, simple to maintain, and low in running cost. Only examination of the car itself will prove the unusual value for money Austin offers—will indicate why 1 in every 4 prefers an Austin.

See the Twelve-Six, and also the de luxe model with sunshine roof, bumpers and real leather upholstery at £225 (or with Twin-Top 4-speed gear box £235) at any Austin dealer's.

THE AUSTIN TWELVE-SIX Equipment includes: Chromium finish, Triplex glass throughout and five Dunlop tyres, shock absorbers front and rear, 12 volt dip and switch electric lighting, side lamps, stop-light, dash light, speedometer, electric horn, clock, air-strangler, air-cleaner, automatic windscreen wiper, interior driving mirror, motometer, licence-holder, door pockets, wire wheels and spare, luggage carrier and tool-kit.

£198
(at works)

AUSTIN



The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

Glorious Colour Schemes.

THERE are glorious colour schemes and graceful dresses in *Helen*, recently produced by C. B. Cochran at the Adelphi Theatre. Naturally, the frocks are the reverse of modern; nevertheless, many hints may be gleaned from them. It will come as a surprise to many that hats of the Watteau genre were worn many centuries B.C.; those represented in this play are of gold and silver, and are lifted from the head by clusters of flowers. The tunics of Mr. Cochran's young ladies in the first Act are striking on account of their resemblance to the modern Russian tunics, finished with narrow belts. Some wore flat black bead necklaces, apparently jet, with wide carved bracelets; they are seen in conjunction with light chiffon frocks, the draperies edged with black. By the way, the sandals are, of course, similar to those of to-day.

A Study in Graceful Draperies.

Evelyn Laye as Helen wears a series of very graceful frocks; the one in which she first appears (carried out in white velvet or satin) would be a lovely wedding gown. Hers has an over-dress of black velvet, which is swathed round the figure, thereby giving a waisted effect. In front, in the vicinity of the normal waistline, it is held in position by a chain composed of oblong links studded with diamonds. The underskirt is composed of layers of pastel-tinted chiffon embroidered with blue.

Velvet and Minerva.

Somewhat of a similar character is her sapphire blue velvet dress enriched with minerva—the royal fur. In both dresses there is a rounded train, which Miss Laye manages with great dexterity. Later in the play she is seen in a simple Grecian dress of the palest pink chiffon;



Margaret Barry introduces an entirely new type of blouse; the one above is carried out in spotted silk and has chemise sleeves trimmed with frills. See p. iv

A Bow on the Left Side.

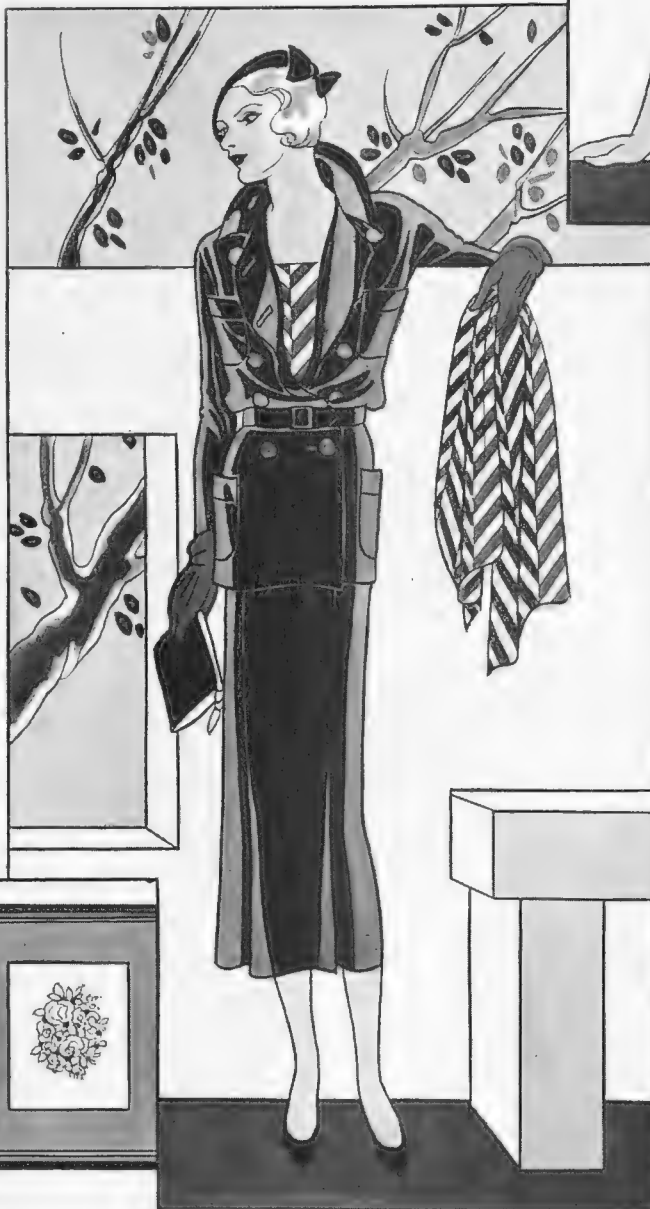
Iris Hoey in every Act in *Whose Baby Are You?* at the Vaudeville Theatre wears a flat bow of the same colour as her dress on the left side of her head. In the last Act she dons a rich violet satin evening dress with a long train and a lace berthe terminating in a point at the back, the scheme being completed with a long emerald necklace. Eve Gray's dress is made of slightly stiffened honey-coloured lace which wraps over in front; her jade necklace, buckle, and shoes introduce a telling touch of colour.

A Jumper Suit and Organdie Dress.

Diana Churchill's dresses in this play are charming and becoming. Her suit has a white skirt with a royal blue jumper with a tiny turn-down collar fastening with steel buttons; red, white, and blue stripes are present in her scarf. In striking contrast to this is her white organdie dress; it has a delicate all-over tracery of black and coral. Fluted frills spring from the hem of the skirt and extend to the waist, where they merge into a coral-pink velvet sash. Margaret Halstan's choice has alighted on an apricot satin beauté frock; the right or shiny side of the material is used for the corsage, the reverse or dull for the skirt. A row of buttons extends from the neck to the waist at the back, and then rather large loops of satin give a modified bustle effect.

The All-important Trio.

Go where you will, well-dressed women are talking about Margaret Barry's trio; she realizes that, in these days of specialization, accessories as well as the fundamentals must be seen in their correct environment. At 18, Brook Street, she



Characteristic of Margaret Barry's collection is this tailleur; it is made of a fabric that suggests velvet, but is not. It may be worn with or without a blouse. Another blouse is seen on the left of this page; it is carried out in soft grey satin. See p. iv



subsequently a wrap; a mass of soft dark and light blue draperies is flung over it. Venus's dress, as she awaits the judgment of Paris, is of lightly-tinted chiffon with a corselet of gold tissue and a blue scarf background; as she moves the corselet falls from her and she is seen behind a cloud of chiffon.

Ellis
Fullon.

The Children's Own Floor at Debenhams

A delightful suite of rooms set apart exclusively for children's wear
—for young Madam going to school and the little Miss and Master still at home



GIRL'S
CARDIGAN SUIT,
smartly tailored, of
novelty homespun. In
green, blue, or canary.
Sizes: 28
to 33 ins. **84/-**

Rising 5/6 each size.

TUSSORE BLOUSE
with long sleeves, to
fit all sizes. **39/6**

GIRL'S TAILORED COAT
in blue mixture tweed, trim-
med leather to match, lined
throughout.
Sizes: 28 to
33 ins. **89/6**
Size 28 ins.
Rising 5/- each size.

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book of fashions
for the Little Folk
post free*

*Children's
Dress Salons
on
First Floor*



LITTLE GIRL'S
USEFUL COAT
in novelty ribbed ma-
terial, detachable linen
collar and cuffs, in two
contrasting shades. In
blue or light beech.
Sizes: 16 to 26 ins.
Size 16 ins. **49/6**
Rising 5/- each size.
HAT to match **25/9**



USEFUL
TWEED COAT
in brown/gold mix-
tures, trimmed two
shades of leather to
tone.
Sizes: 20 to 30 ins.
Size 20 ins. **74/6**
Rising 5/- each size.
HAT to match, **29/6**



LITTLE BOY'S
TAILORED COAT
in Yorkshire hopsack,
in blue/white mix-
ture.
Sizes: 16 to 24 ins.
Size 16 ins. **49/6**
Rising 5/- each size.
HAT to match, **19/6**

SPECIALISTS IN CHILDREN'S WEAR

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE ST., W.1.

(Debenhams Ltd.)

HATS FOR SPRING



Many of the new softer hats are modelled on the *béret* with a difference. Woollands, Knightsbridge, have assembled in their salons a collection of these. The model at the top of the page on the right is of wool crochet, the draped brim pierced with a double arrow quill. The black satin finished straw hat on the left has a black and red crossed quill at the back arranged in a note of interrogation. Brown faille makes the hat on the right, the rouleau brim being plaited. The model at the base is of black felt ornamented with quills

Models, Woollands

Pictures by Blake

TELEPHONE

PARK 1200

BRADLEYS

CHEPSTOW

PLACE . W.2



SPECIAL

PRICES

BETWEEN-SEASONS

The Tailor Suit above, with slightly waisted coat and new revers, is being MADE TO ORDER for 9½ gns. The Country Coat is made in various tweeds, with the fur collar, 14½ gns.; without, 11 gns. The charming ensemble in fancy crepe-de-Chine is trimmed with pleated frills. Sleeveless Gown and Coatee, made to order, 16 gns. Small extra charge for all large sizes.

**DEFINITELY END
SATURDAY
FEBRUARY
27th**

Bradleys
Chepstow Place^L
London, W.2.
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

TAKE ADVANTAGE of the present opportunity to obtain "Bradley" clothes at Special Prices. Entirely new models for all occasions are being displayed at Chepstow Place, and a visit will quickly convince you that for style, quality of materials and workmanship, combined with moderate prices, you cannot do better than buy at Bradleys.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

concentrates her attention on hats; at 42, South Molton Street, blouses are studied; so important are they that they will brook no rivals, while sports cloth that earn for their wearers a reputation for being well groomed are shown at 64, New Bond Street.

Not Velvet.

Many inquiries have been received by Margaret Barry, 64, New Bond Street, W., regarding her Spring *tailleurs* that are expressed not in velvet, but in something that suggests this fabric; in that one portrayed on p. 252 the colour is a lovely midnight blue. Naturally there are many variations on this theme. Neither must it be overlooked that she has implicit faith in the *robe manteau* carried out in Irish tweed. Some are relieved with steel buttons and patch pockets; the revers are decidedly original, and have been designed to harmonize with the dyed ermine ties that are never more than an inch and a half wide, and are destined to be loosely knotted. By the way, among the new tweeds is one with a chicken foot design; it looks ultra smart when the colour scheme is deep sapphire and cream.

Monotony Banished.

Most assuredly has all monotony been banished from the blouses at Margaret Barry's salons at 42, South Molton Street. Illustrated on p. 252 is one carried out in spotted silk; it could, of course, be worn inside the skirt if desired. As will be seen the frills on the sleeves and down the front are in complete accord. The grey satin model on the left of the page is rather more sophisticated; note the artistic cowl drapery, the bow at the nape of the neck, and the elaboration of the sleeves.

Materials and Workmanship British.

Jane Munns (Sarah Jane) 19, Davies Street, is among those who believe that "Patriotism means prosperity," and so successful was her January dress show in her own salons that last week she held another at the Mayfair Hotel. In addition to showings summer fashions she displayed court dresses, ball gowns, and evening dresses, wraps and their accessories. All the materials and workmanship were British. Among her triumphs is the evening dress pictured on this page; it is carried out in shot taffeta, the deep flounces being arranged on serpentine lines. And, of course, the "laqueered" wigs for evening wear aroused very great interest.

A Yeast Mask.

It really is wonderful the good work that yeast performs when taken medicinally; it purifies the blood, and as a consequence has a beneficial effect on the skin. M. Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, has utilized it in a very special face mask, the treatment which lasts about three-quarters of an hour costing half a guinea.

least ten years. A course persuades the skin to maintain this pleasing effect. By the way, when at the Maison Georges the nails must be treated. There are special crystals that may be coloured any shade desired. Many women prefer to have only the little finger of the right hand nail so adorned, the others being manicured in the usual way.

Baby Ribbons.

Cash's ribbons are all of British manufacture, and not only are they very practical but very pretty and quite in harmony with fairy-like infants' garments. They are made of silk, satin, and cotton, and as they are washable and unfadable they are ideal for layettes. It is such a saving of time not having to remove the ribbons when the garments are sent to the wash. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to J. and J. Cash, Coventry, who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. This firm also specialize in ribbons for members of the older generation as well as in woven names; they are just right for marking household as well as other linen.

A Difficulty Conquered.

It is understood that many women have been unable to obtain the Etneen brassières for slimming full figures, which are from 4s. 11d. If they will write to Lady Clare, 20, Addle Street, E.C., she will send the name and address of the nearest agent. They do indeed perform the good work that is claimed for them.

100% British Offer.

Sale prices still prevail at Aquascutum's, 100, Regent Street, W., and emphasis must be laid on the fact that everything is 100% British. Women's suits and overcoats are tailored to their own requirements, which everyone must admit is an immense advantage. By the way, there are suits for £6 and overcoats for £5. It must not be imagined that the requirements of men have been overlooked, as there are suits for them from £7 and overcoats from £6. No catalogue is issued in connection with this event, so a visit is essential.



Model, Jane Munns

Photograph by Blake

AN ALL-BRITISH EVENING DRESS

Designed and carried out by that well-known artist in dress, Jane Munns (Sarah Jane), 19, Davies Street, W. The fabricating medium is shot taffeta

After a strenuous day the face frequently assumes a grey tinge, and lines become far deeper than they were in the morning. The result of the treatment is noticeable at once, a peach-like bloom takes the place of the leaden look, the lines are eliminated, and the face is ready to be "made-up." It has been stated, and I think with justice, that it appears to rejuvenate the skin by at

INDIVIDUALITY

Fashion demands Individuality, whether expressed by Design, materials or colours, and in no articles of dress is this demand more insistent than in BLOUSES and HATS. At Miss Barry's Blouse Shop at Forty-two South Molton Street, and at her Hat Shop at Eighteen Brook Street it will be found that she has achieved "Individuality" in the same distinctive and personal manner as in her Sports Clothes Salons at Sixty-Four New Bond Street.



*Margaret
Barry LTD.*

Hats : 18, BROOK STREET, W.1.

Blouses : 42, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, W.1.

SPORTS CLOTHES

64 NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Kathleen Iddon

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH O'NEILL

Who were married on January 26. Mr. Joseph O'Neill is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neill of New York, and his wife was formerly Miss Kathleen Regan, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Regan of Toronto

Eleanor Ursula (Lee) Holford, the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. F. Holford of The Moor, Ludlow; and also in April is the wedding of Mr. Peter Dicken Craofo, A.F.C., Royal Air Force, and Miss Margaret Eliza Sugden:

Abroad.

On February 24, Mr. Frank Norman Crofts, I.C.S., and Miss Margaret Moss King are being married at Allahabad Cathedral; Mr. James Derek Deuchar, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and Miss Hilda Suzanne Newman have fixed March 9 for their wedding in Poona; and on March 31, Mr. Colin S. Anderson is to marry Miss Morna MacCormick in Sydney, N.S.W.

This Month.

Mr. John McLaren Calder, Colonial Service, Nigeria, and Miss Marion Macdonald Ogilvie are being married very quietly at Craigiebuckler Church, Aberdeen, on February 27; on the 16th, Mr. W. B. Blain marries Miss P. Watson at St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W.

In the Spring.

The marriage will take place on April 6 between Mr. John Charles Heyworth Mercer, the second son of the late Mr. C. B. Mercer and of Mrs. Mercer, and Miss

Recently Engaged.

Mr. George Haliburton Vere-Laurie, 9th Lancers, the elder son of the late Lieut.-Colonel G. B. Vere-Laurie, Royal Irish Rifles, and Mrs. Vere-Laurie of Carlton Hall, Newark, Notts, and Miss Caroline Judith Francklin, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Francklin of Gonalston Hall, Notts; Mr. John Charles Saunders of Stowe School, Buckingham, son of Captain C. Saunders of Twickenham, and Miss Muriel Cracknell, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Cracknell of End House, Legsby Avenue, Grimsby; Mr. Francis Clay Scott, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Scott of Harley Street, W.; and Miss Marjorie Lee, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lee of Danemere, Hale, Cheshire; Mr. Andrew John Hodgkin of Four Peaks, Geraldine, N.Z., the only child of Mr. Howard Hodgkin of Benwell, Godalming, and the late Mrs. Hodgkin, and Miss Nancy Broadbent, the only child of Instructor-Captain F. Milner Broadbent, R.N., and Mrs. Broadbent of Tufton, Whitchurch, Hants.

An Apology.

In our issue of January 27 we published on this page a photograph of Miss Margery Hart, describing her as Miss Margaret Hart, and wish to apologise for any annoyance caused.



Lentice

MISS PAMELA OWEN

Who is to marry Lieut.-Colonel Sidney Waterfield Bunker, D.S.O., M.C., the eldest son of the late Mr. C. J. G. Bunker and Mrs. Bunker of Wraysbury, Bucks, is the fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Owen of Wimbledon, Surrey

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The Silver Specialists

22284 Sterling Silver
6½" high £5 : 5 : 0
10½" " 10 : 10 : 0
13" " 15 : 15 : 0
15" " 22 : 10 : 0

These cups are solid, substantial in weight and were designed by "Mappin" Craftsmen at the Sheffield Manufactory. A Catalogue of Cups, Bowls, Medals, and Shields will be sent upon request or selections will be forwarded for approval.



21403 Sterling Silver
4" high £1 : 15 : 0
5" " 2 : 17 : 6
7" " 5 : 0 : 0
9" " 8 : 15 : 0
22258 Sterling Silver
4½" high £2 : 2 : 0
6" " 4 : 4 : 0
7" " 5 : 5 : 0
9½" " 10 : 10 : 0

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(GOLDEN CAT)

To ask merely for a box of chocolates is to confess yourself a timid amateur. To demand nothing but a box of Chocolats Le Chat d'Or is to proclaim yourself a proud connoisseur . . .

One who knows not only the flavour and texture of the richest chocolate, but can also recognise and appreciate those subtleties of filling and flavouring which make Chocolats Le Chat d'Or the envy of all rival chocolatiers and the delight of those whose taste is both enterprising and unspoiled.



The Oxford and the Cambridge Assortments both at 5/- per lb. The Sandhurst at 4/6 and the Harrow at 4/-. All packed in 1, 2, & 4 lb. boxes. ¶ Obtainable from over 2,000 of the best Confectioners, or sent direct, post paid, on receipt of P.O. Please name your usual confectioner.

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

These notes will appear on the first day of Cruft's great show. The arrangements for the comfort of members are the same as in past years; a screened-off portion of the dining-room for luncheon, and the use of the smaller room for tea and dinner; and the next day for the whole day. This latter arrangement is a special boon, as members can sit quietly in the room with their friends away from the hubbub and turmoil of a big show. With regard to lunch the first day, arrangements would be made much easier if all who can get away while the judging is still on would lunch early. The space is limited and it is inevitable that people have to wait if they all come at once. The general meeting, as I have constantly repeated, is to be at ten o'clock on the morning of the second day, February 11, when it is hoped members will make special efforts to attend.

The Elkhound has been known in England for a good many years, ever since sportsmen who went to Norway first brought them home. Their work is to track the elk and then bring him to bay; for this they must have extremely good noses. Since the War they have become very popular in this country and now there are large classes of them at all big shows. They have much to recommend them, being intelligent, handsome, and extremely hardy, as is to be expected. Mrs. Powys-Lybbe has a strong kennel of these dogs, including her stud-dog, the well-known Haco of the Hollow, who is a son of Ch. Finnegutten. She has some specially attractive puppies for disposal and sends a picture of them; they are by Haco ex-Thora of the Hollow, both well-known winners. These pups are just the right age to go anywhere.



IRISH WOLFHOUSES
The property of Miss Dawson



ADMIRAL VAN MAERHANT
The property of Mrs. Courthop-Last

a grandson of the great Ch. Gesina, he should be very valuable to his new owner. Though it is sad to think of good dogs leaving England, it is always nice to know some other country is to benefit by the change. Admiral was shown six times and was a prizewinner every time, being first novice at Richmond and winning two firsts at Birmingham.

I said in my last notes that Mrs. Treawny has several kennel-maids on her books. Anyone wanting one should apply to her, and interviews could be arranged in London or elsewhere.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

It is a great convenience to many people to have their dogs already house-trained. Miss Dawson has still four Irish wolfhounds for sale—two dogs and two bitches. These are all house-trained, a year old, and the bitches would go very cheap to good homes. The dogs are fit to show. Irish wolfhounds make delightful companions; they are so gentle and affectionate and curl up in such a small space.

Miss Loughrey also has two young deerhound ladies for sale; very moderate to really good homes as room is required for youngsters. The Misses Loughrey's deerhounds are world-famous; so this is a chance indeed.

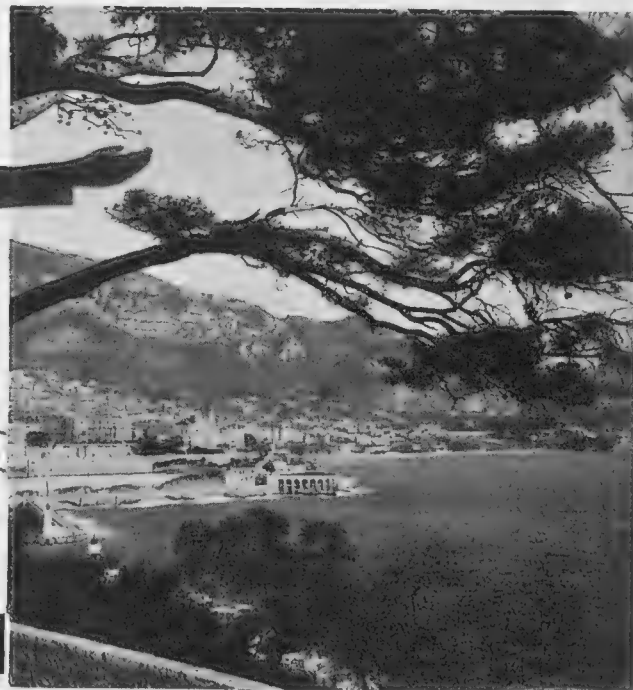
All Keeshond admirers will remember Mrs. Courthop-Last's lovely young dog, Admiral van Maerhant, son of the celebrated Ch. Pleuntje van Zaandam. Now news comes that Admiral has been sold to Mrs. Alvin Kramer of Chicago, and has gone to his new country. Admiral will be a great help to the breed, as he is not only beautifully bred but a handsome, typical dog, full of quality; being



ELKHOUND PUPPIES
The property of Mrs. Powys-Lybbe

SUN ... SPORT ... BEAUTY

In the celebrated Condamine Bay are held international yacht races and regattas. There is golf at Mont Agel (open all the year); Tennis at the Country Club (21 courts); The Grand Prix de Vitesse automobile de Monaco.



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AND 80 HOTELS

Information from the Sté
des Bains de Mer.
Service T.A. Monte Carlo.

"But does it cost a lot?"

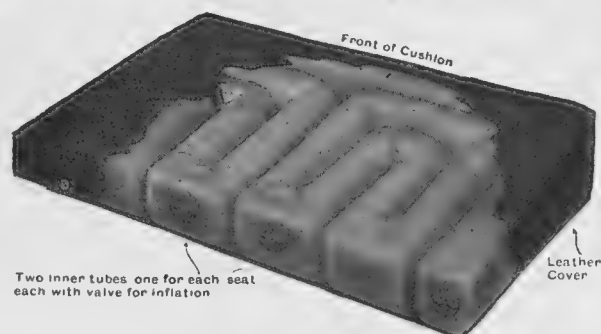
"Oh, no. If you ask for Moseley Float-on-Air cushions when ordering a new car or body there is only a small extra charge. When converting an existing spring seat into a pneumatic there is, of course, some extra work involved; the springs and stuffing have to be taken out and the leather case prepared for the rubber interior. But even here the cost is not alarming. Take a normal double seat cushion, say 40 inches from side to side; the price for converting from springs to pneumatic is 52/-, which includes the interior, of course."

"And you say it's worth it."

"I do, and you will, too, when you find you are getting 100% pleasure from motoring."

Wizard Smith fits Float-on-Air to "Enterprise," just like all other World's Record Challengers.

MOSELEY "F-O-A" float-on-Air Regd. Pneumatic Upholstery gives comfort that nothing else can.



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JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

Here is a gay pottery ornament for any hunting household by Geoffrey Sparrow. The immortal Jorrocks stands beside a milestone marking 4 miles to Handley Cross, and from the vantage point of mantelpiece or bureau his rubicund features radiate cheerfulness and good humour even at breakfast time. Height 8 inches. The milestone is hollow and holds matches.

PRICE 31s. 6d.

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Twenty-five is not TOO old!

• But it is half-way to fifty. Twenty-five is not too young, either, to begin taking care of youth's most precious possessions... a good skin and a fine figure. The years fly away soon enough, and unless attention is paid to maintaining these priceless assets, the signs of age creep into the loveliest face, and the figure gets alarmingly out of hand

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• In Miss Arden's Salons you will find just the treatment to correct any fault of skin or figure. Her regimen includes the Anti-Brown Spot treatment, a timely one, for it stimulates the circulation and is successful in keeping the skin clear and glowing. In the Exercise Department your figure, your walk, your posture are analysed, and a programme is arranged to correct your individual shortcomings. For an appointment please telephone Gerrard 0870

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Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 246

but as a matter of fact there's nothing in the law to prevent your having your side lamps on whilst you undergo the test." And, of course, he was blowed and dashed and all the rest of it and expressed admiration of my cleverness in finding out that little quirk; in short, he not only sucked it all in perfectly seriously, but golloped my humble jape with zest. And so perhaps I have endangered a promising acquaintanceship, for he will (if he has not done so already) certainly see the point, certainly kick himself for being such a solemn ass, and certainly want to kick me; and, besides, he is a great big healthy brute who most likely could unless I was in exceptional form.

Rallies, etc.

I observe, with no great surprise, that the R.A.C. has already come in for hostile criticism as to its organization of the Torquay Rally which is to take place in the first week of next month. In my humble opinion this criticism is totally undeserved, as it seems to me that the regulations in mass and in detail have been admirably drawn up though, of course, they cannot be expected to satisfy everybody. But the main point that the grumblers miss is that a rally is only a rally and not an international race. Its basis is necessarily of the go-as-you-please order, and if you don't like the rules, why, your simple remedy is just not to enter for it! One thing at least is certain, and that is that our English affair will not terminate in the sort of farce that occurred at Monte Carlo, whose competitors shipped specially low-geared back axles and specially small wheels so as to gain preponderating marks in the so-called flexibility test. What the R.A.C. have done is to encourage the participation of cars exactly as the public can buy them—and that is the big idea. Meanwhile it is to be noted that there is shortly going to be much activity in the direction of world's speed records. Personally I cannot raise much enthusiasm about aircraft engine monsters, for I entirely fail to see that they have any practical value whatever. Nevertheless I'm sure we all wish the gallant fellows the best of luck and sincerely hope that the record is the only thing they will break. That the honour will still be British seems to be a foregone conclusion.



A ROLLS-ROYCE CAR ON THE SIMPLON PASS

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

Some families produce such useful children that one welcomes all their "little strangers." The highly esteemed family of Kismet now announces through Wm. Turner and Bros., Ltd., of Eyre Works, Sheffield, the arrival of a new Kismet "Baby." Sturdy youngster this, a "chip of the old block," in every way worthy of its famous forbears and guaranteed as good in every respect. Mightily useful too to owners of small cars. Just the right kind of foot pump for them—packs away into an extraordinarily small space and yet in capacity, in ease of operation, in dependability and strength, an ideal youngster. An important fact about the "Baby" is that it has ample bearings and is an engineering job throughout. Every small car owner will want this Kismet "Baby," and at the modest price of 13s. 9d. (fitted with universal connector) it comes well within his range. Take out the "Baby" of this world-famous Kismet family with you and you will feel adequately equipped.

Last week Rolls-Royce, Ltd., delivered to Mr. Kaye Don his new Continental touring saloon. It has a stream-line body by Mulliner, and incorporates various ideas of Mr. Don's own. The body is a metal-panelled, coach-built saloon with flared wings. It is finished in black with a chromium line, and has blue pneumatic upholstery. The Continental touring saloon was introduced over a year ago, and is capable of high speeds over indifferent roads. It is mounted on the short Phantom II 40-50 chassis. Though the car is low in appearance the moving of the rear seat forward of the up-sweep of the frame ensures ample head room. Triplex glass is, of course, fitted all round.

An entirely new Ford car having an engine rated at 8 h.p. will be on view at the Ford Motor Exhibition at the Royal Albert Hall, February 19 to 27. It will have a wheelbase length of 7 ft. 6 in., and track measurement of 3 ft. 9 in. The engine bore is 2.23 in. with a stroke of 3.64 in., giving a capacity of almost exactly 950 c.c. The new 8-h.p. Ford will be made entirely at the new Ford Works, Dagenham, Essex. No other details, specification or price will be issued until the exhibition opens on Friday, February 19.

....to think what we've been missing!

"Well, I thought I'd done most things worth doing, but this is a new one on me. What made you think of it?"

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Cunard

The Meeting of the Jaws—cont. from p. 248

About a month after this I had been sitting in the ward-room, playing cards with the Surgeon-Lieutenant and some of the other officers, and we said good-night and went to bed about half-past eleven. I had just turned my light out and was nearly asleep, when I was awakened with a start by the arrival in my cabin of the Surgeon-Lieutenant in a completely incoherent state.

I switched on the light and found him white as a sheet, and trembling from head to foot. When I had calmed him down, he told me that just as he was falling asleep he was awakened by a horrible sensation of cold and saw, by the dim light in his cabin, the figure of a man standing beside him. He instantly realized that the figure was not human, but an apparition, and he lay so paralysed with fear that he could neither move nor speak.

The figure bent over his bunk, and with its hands seized the skull, making it rattle, but unable to get it down on account of the wire which held it in place. Leaving the skull, the figure placed its icy hands on each shoulder and pressed him down, and then attempted to bite his throat. He could feel the teeth of the lower jaw, but on the other side, only the cold, clammy lips, like iced jelly. He thought he had then lost consciousness but could not be sure, and did not remember any more until he found himself running to my cabin.

He asked me to examine his throat, and on the left side there appeared unquestionably to be teeth marks, though there was no sign of anything on the right side. After a bit I induced him to come along to his cabin with me. It was in darkness, and I switched on the light. All was in order, but his bull terrier appeared to have had a fit, for it was lying below the bunk trembling and frothing at the mouth.

The doctor was convinced that the owner of the skull had come to fetch it. He did not dare to throw it away and begged me to take it for the night. I took it and placed it on the shelf at the foot of my bunk.

I then went back and soothed the doctor down. We arranged to take the skull and bury it in holy ground the next day. The bull terrier had meantime recovered its normal spirits and was licking its master's hand affectionately.

I told the sentry who patrolled outside the officers' cabins that I thought the doctor's dog had had a fit and he was to call me if it made any noises during the night.

I then went to bed, but before I went to sleep I placed my Bible under my pillow.

Like all other cabins, mine only had a curtain in lieu of a door, and the police lights outside dimly lit the interior. After a time I fell asleep.

How long I slept I do not know, but suddenly I found myself awake and, although I was facing the ship's side, I was fully conscious of "Something" in my cabin. Not only "something," but something terrible; and I had a sensation of fear which it is impossible to describe. I managed to roll over, and I saw, silhouetted against the cabin wall, the figure of a

man about 5 ft. 8 in. in height. (I measured this afterwards where the height of his silhouette had shown on the wall.)

Though there could not have been enough light to see clearly, I was somehow conscious that he was a ruddy-complexioned Scotsman with red hair and a stiff red beard. What he was wearing I could not say. He passed his hands all over my writing desk as though feeling for something and then, turning round, he felt all over my chest of drawers rather as a blind man might. He then came right up to my bunk and I felt his hands touching lightly on my right thigh. The sensations of cold and terror were indescribable and I was utterly incapable of movement or speech. His hands travelled lightly down my leg and then up to the skull at the foot of my bunk. Picking it up, he placed it "IN" his head, and his flesh seemed to tremble as the skull went in and through it.

He turned round and walked through the curtain of my cabin. How long I lay in a sort of stupor I do not know, but I was brought to my senses by hearing the sentry shouting loudly. I dashed along to find the sentry at the doctor's cabin. He told me that the bull-terrier had killed its master. The cabin was covered in blood, and the dog, spattered with blood, was trembling below the bunk. The doctor was lying on the bunk with a ghastly look of horror on his face. His throat had been torn clean out.

The dog was destroyed next day by order of the captain.

It would have been no use my saying what I knew. Nobody would have believed me; but the skull was not in my cabin when I went back!



MR. W. L. JONES, RETIRING
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Mr. W. L. Jones, although retiring from the active managing directorship of the famous firm, still retains a seat on the board. Mr. Jones is one of those always refreshing people to meet, an optimist, and he predicts a definite improvement in trade all round before the end of this year

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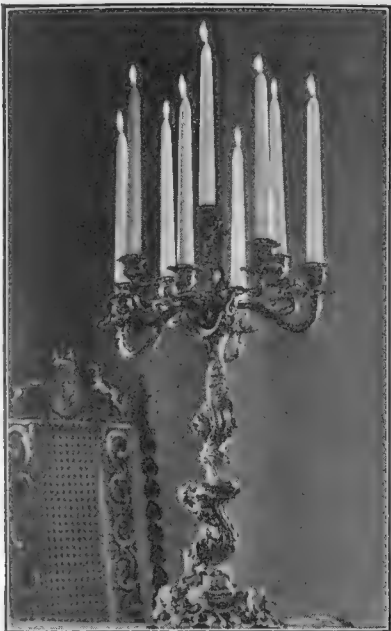
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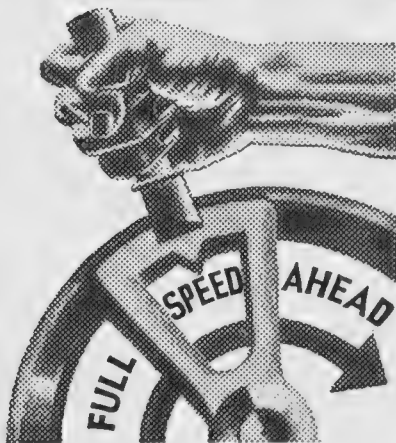
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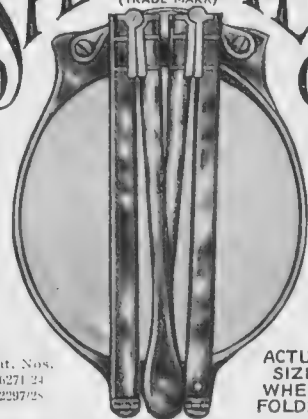
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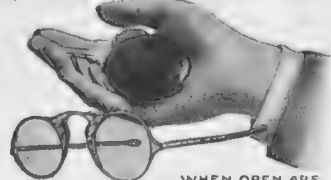


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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Clubsidies.

FEW things give greater pleasure than spending unwisely and too well. When once the primary resistance has been broken down the money flows freely and ever faster, and yet the desire remains always in front. It is not the blueing of money that gives one the blues, but the effort to economize that comes afterwards. Economy, unlike charity, should begin in someone else's home, and that is the reason that national economy is so difficult to achieve. We are prepared to watch and to applaud while France or Germany or Italy or any other country economizes; but the idea of economizing ourselves gives us a pain in the purse.

Everyone, from the judge to the jack-tar, the bench to the battleship, has squealed directly economy proposals have been made to him, so that the case for aviation can be put freely and frankly. The light aeroplane clubs have been subsidized since the start, or rather a proportion of them now amounting to about 50 per cent. The object behind the subsidy is to encourage air-consciousness in the nation so that there may be general awareness of the need for aerial protection and a reservoir of civil pilots who might be ready to offer their services to the Government.

The Results.

The results of the subsidy to the light aeroplane clubs have been spectacular. Hundreds of people have been taught to fly by them, and thousands have been interested in flying by them. The pool of civil pilots now exists, thanks to the work of the clubs. But the subsidies end in July—apart from those payable to National Flying Services—and there has been a suggestion that they should not be renewed.

If it were a question of sacrifice of some luxury, then I think the clubs would be ready to make it and to go without their subsidies. But the clubs do not provide a luxury; they provide a necessity. With the small air force now possessed by Great Britain a pool of pilots is essential. It is either that or a much larger air force. One squadron of the service costs about £100,000 a year to maintain, more than all the club subsidies.

The choice before the Treasury, therefore, is either a continuance of the club subsidies, and therefore of a pool of pilots, and a large air-conscious section of the community, or else the absolute reliance upon specialists and a building up of a much larger air force at very much greater expense.

A Lesson from Leicester.

Most people would probably like to see both a larger air force and the continuance of the club subsidies. But the urgent need for economy is admitted. Pilots take a long time to produce; machines can be produced relatively quickly. As a matter of fact, an air frame takes about 25 per cent. of the time and an engine about 30 per cent. of the time taken to produce a trained pilot for war. The only safe economy measure then is to maintain a small air force, and to increase vastly the pool of trained pilots by encouraging the flying club movement to further and faster growth.

What can be done by these clubs has been well shown by the Leicestershire Club. At the club's annual meeting Mr. Lindsay Everard, whose work I have mentioned many times in these notes, pointed out that in the furtherance of aviation they were doing work of value not only to this generation but for the generations to come. The club, during the past two years, flew 250,000 miles without any accident involving personal injury.

And Machines.

Not only do the light aeroplane clubs provide the pool of pilots, they also help in the development of the right types of aircraft. Much experience which has its value for service flying has been gathered together at the clubs. The De Havilland Moth, for instance, which is the machine used by the vast majority of clubs, has been developed and modified, until now in the Tiger Moth form—really a different machine—it provides the perfect R.A.F. trainer.

And it is not only the R.A.F. who have realized the value of the Tiger Moth as a comprehensive training aeroplane. The contract between the De Havilland Company and the Norwegian Government was one example of how people abroad are appreciating it. The light aeroplane clubs, therefore, are doing work which must be done, and if it were done by any other means it would cost more than twice as much.



MR. G. E. LOWDELL
The Chief Instructor of the Brooklands School of Flying, and one of the most popular personalities in the world of flying to-day. Mr. Lowdell was chief instructor of the Suffolk Aero Club after he left the Royal Air Force



IN PERTHSHIRE: MRS. MAXWELL-SCOTT AND LADY MUIR

A snapshot at Blair Drummond, Sir Kay Muir's Perthshire seat. Lady Muir was Mlle. Nadejda Stancioff and the first woman diplomat, and Mrs. Maxwell-Scott was the Comtesse de Saincay

faculties, reads a great deal, and keeps wonderfully cheerful. His wife is eighty-nine and very active for her age; she is up early every morning and never goes to bed till 11 p.m. As well as nursing her husband, she does the cooking and keeps their room very clean. A district nurse comes in several times a week also to see after the old man. The Friends of the Poor want to continue their allowance of 5s. weekly; £13 is needed for another year.

The Development Committee of that famous city, Dundee, with which the epithet bonnie is usually linked, has sent forth a most attractive volume in which the manifold excellences of the Committee's home town are very well set forth. It is stated that this volume is "bound in Dundee Jute"—Bengal Jute surely, but transformed by the cunning weavers of this famous city. Anyway, this is a minor matter. The main point is that the book is worthy of a

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently appeal for an old East End couple of eighty-nine and ninety-two. They have known of them for some time and lately they have been giving them coal for the winter and an allowance of 5s. a week. The fund for them is now exhausted, and unless readers will once more help, these old people will be in very sore straits, for they will never consent to be separated in any institution. The old man is ninety-two and practically bed-ridden with rheumatism, but he has all his

place which produces three articles beginning with "J" in their perfected form—Jute, Jam, and Journalism. Dundee is determined that its light—in the form of splendid facilities for the development of industries, excellent sites, fine buildings available for adaptation to modern manufacturing, together with its low rates, skilled labour, cheap electricity, gas, fuel, and water, also transport—shall not remain under a bushel. Dundee has unique claims as a manufacturing centre for distribution at very low cost to the dense, consuming areas of Scotland and North Britain. Here great ships come from and go to the harbours of the world. The Development Committee extends hospitality to inquirers, and is not unmindful of the value of the Press and journals as the vehicle for its advertising propaganda.

Mr. Gilbert Miller will shortly, in association with Mr. Jack Buchanan, present B. W. Levy's new comedy, *Sbrinstime for Henry*, at a West End theatre not yet decided upon. This is the play in which Mr. Leslie Banks and Mr. Nigel Bruce are now appearing in New York. The London cast has not yet been selected, nor has any date been decided upon for opening.

Though Mr. Buchanan will be interested in the production he will not be a member of the cast.

"Panoramic India" is the ideal gift book, containing a photographic survey of natural beauty spots, superb monuments, beautiful temples, waterfalls, lakes, etc. All the photographs are by W. R. Wallace and the book has an introduction by Kanaiyalal H. Vakil. A limited edition has been printed and may be obtained at the price of Rs. 10 from D. B. Taraporevala Sons and Co., of Fort, Bombay, India.



STANELLI

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○ (Left) Hat of rough straw with brim and insets of felt. Also with the materials reversed and made in felt with insets of straw! In either case an extremely youthful and useful hat. In beige, navy, black, green, brown, and red - - - - - **29/6**

○ (Above) This becoming felt hat uses a shaped band of rough straw to give it chic and is a particularly suitable hat if you require large head fittings. In all good Spring colours - - - - - **35/9**

○ (Lower Left) Simplicity marks this hat for success! Close fitting with narrow shaped brim, a fancy pin, and appliquéd trimming of straw. In brown, beige, green, blue, black, red, and navy - - - - - **21/9**

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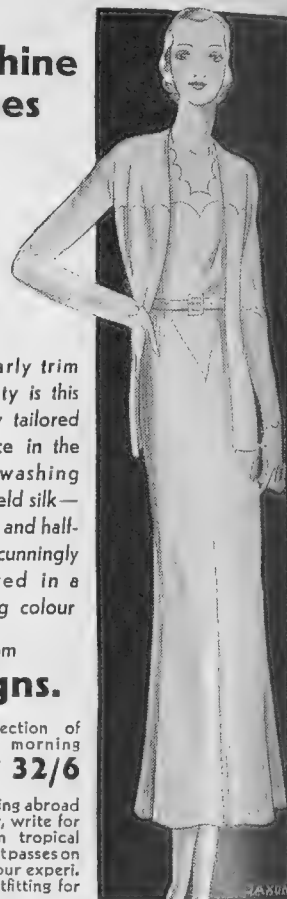
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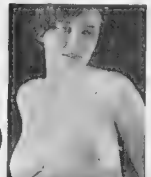
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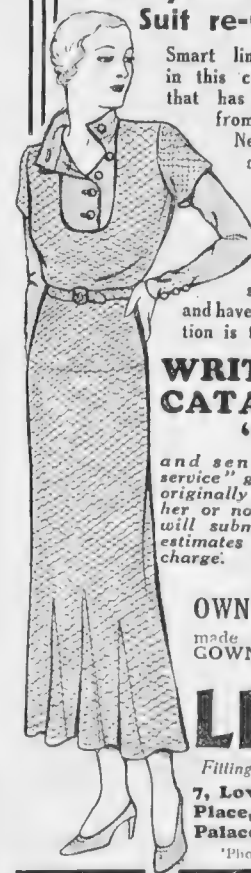
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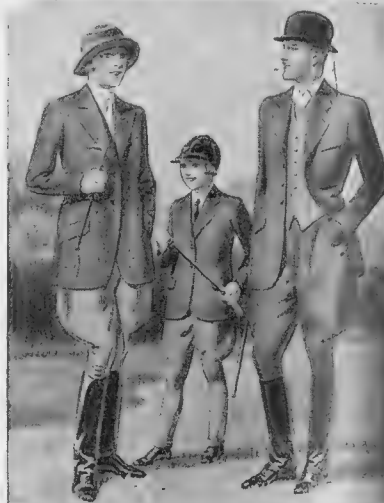
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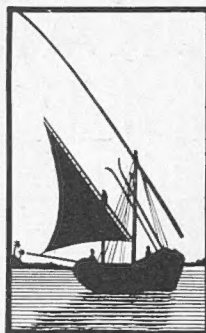
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